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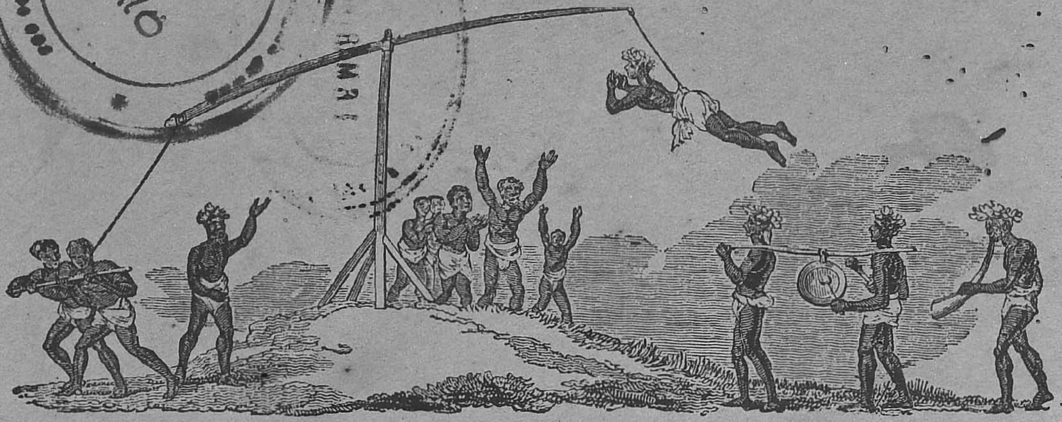

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HEBER'S : INDIAN : : JOURNAL

A Selection, with an Introduction, by P. R. Krishnaswami.

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INTRODUCTION

Among the numerous writers who have chosen to embody Indian themes in English literature, Reginald Heber is entitled to a high place. Heber made his mark in several ways,—as an author of popular hymns, as a critic, a divine, and a journalist. Descended from an old Yorkshire family, he was born, in 1783, at Malpas, a village of which his father was for many years co-rector. His education was guided to a great extent by his elder brother Richard, who was Scott's collaborator in the *Border Minstrelsy*. At seventeen, Heber entered Oxford, and three years later won the Newdigate Prize there with a poem on 'Palestine'. An interesting visit, paid at the time by Sir Walter Scott to Heber in his Oxford rooms, is recorded by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*. In 1805 Heber won a Fellowship at All Souls College and proceeded on a continental tour. He chose a somewhat original route, which included the northern countries that are the region of the sagas, Russia, the Balkan States, Austria, and Germany. Everywhere Heber was a careful and minute student of customs and manners, of plants, animals, and buildings, and when he toured in India in later years, he was fond of instituting comparisons between different countries he had visited, and discovering strange points of resemblance. Returning from the tour in 1806, he took orders, and settled the next year in the living of Hodnet to which he may be said to have devoted his life-work, earning the sincere gratitude of the parish. He

received various ecclesiastical preferments, and his fair prospects of eminence at home naturally led him to hesitate long over the offer of the Indian bishopric in 1822. After consulting old Anglo-Indians and doctors he decided to go to India, inspired by evangelistic zeal to convert the people of India.

To Indian readers the most interesting of Heber's writings is the Journal which he wrote during his visitations all over India.[1] On the 10th June, 1823, he sailed for India with his family, and landed in India, after a voyage of more than three months and a half, on October 3rd. On June 15, 1824, the Bishop left Calcutta for a visitation through the upper provinces of India. He went east to Dacca, and turning back went through Monghyr and Buxar to Benares. From Benares he passed west to Allahabad, Cawnpur, Lucknow, Bareilly, Almorah, Meerut, and Delhi. From Delhi he turned south-east to Agra, and passed south-west to Ajmere. From Rajputana he went to Baroda, returning thence to Calcutta. In August and September 1825 he visited Ceylon. On January 30th, 1826 he sailed again for the south of India. The Journal closes with accounts of Madras, Mahabalipuram, and Sadras. Details of his last sojourn in southern India are to be gathered from his letters, one of which, dated 21st March, is written from Chidambaram (which he calls Chillumbrum); another, dated 28th March, is from Tanjore; and a third, dated 1st April, is from Trichinopoly. He died on the 3rd April at Trichinopoly, where he lies buried.

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1. *Narrative of a journey through the Upper Provinces of India, etc.*

Heber was very handsome in appearance, and everywhere he inspired in others admiration, reverence, and affection. At his death numerous tributes to his memory were called forth, among them poems by Southey and Mrs. Hemans. It is also noteworthy that Thackeray, speaking in his lecture on George IV of the best gentlemen of Europe of that age, instances Heber, 'the good divine', whose life's aims were love and duty.

By giving us a vivid account of this country as it was a hundred years ago, Heber's Indian Journal ranks as one of the numerous travel-books on India that have become source-books for Indian history. Heber is distinguished among travellers by profound learning, high-souled character, and catholic interests. To new sensations of beauty Heber could abandon himself freely. His own good judgment and the comprehensive nature of his tour helped him to view the things he saw in India, with a just sense of proportion. His previous tour in Europe, revealing, as it had done, strange customs in countries lying so near each other and not separated even by difference of faith, was a good education for Heber. He was unfortunately deficient in his knowledge of Hindu literature and customs, so well mastered by his contemporary, Dubois, but the opinion he formed of India was more favourable than the Abbé's. Inasmuch as he believed that the object of his going to India was to convert the people there to Christianity, Heber had prejudged India, and, as a consequence, betrayed bigotry sometimes, perhaps in an occasional fling at the priestly class of Brahmins. Though this Selection has excluded extracts relating to his ecclesiastical duties as not of general

interest, it is worthy of remark here that he was both zealous and far-seeing in the discharge of them. At no time was he guilty of the least suggestion of hypocrisy and the candour reflected in his Journal is a most refreshing quality.

Heber was a very careful student of architecture, and numerous pages in the Indian Journal are filled with detailed and critical accounts of architectural monuments. His description of the Moghul builders has become classic: 'These Pathans built like giants and finished their work like jewellers.' Heber writes simply: even the splendour of the Taj is conveyed in a few words. His descriptions of striking scenes of nature have the same quality. A few sentences render admirably the religious emotion aroused by the sight of the Himalayan Meru. 'On climbing a second mountain, we had a more extensive and panoramic view of the icy range than we had seen before, and the guide pointed out Meru! "That, my Lord," he cried out, "is the greatest of all mountains! out of that Gunga flows!" The younger, who is not a man of many words, merely muttered, "Ram! Ram! Ram!"'

Calm and critical as the Bishop usually is, he writes of his experiences in the Himalayas as follows: 'I never saw such prospects before, and had formed no adequate idea of such. My attention was completely strained, and my eyes filled with tears: everything around was so wild and magnificent that man appeared as nothing, and I felt myself as if climbing the steps of the altar of God's great temple.'

Heber's imaginative sympathy is strongly marked in his comments on contemporary personages whom he chanced

to meet. In visiting the descendant of the Moghul line he was touched with a melancholy interest, remembering the Persian line,

> 'The spider hangs her tapestry in the palace of the
> Caesars.'

His very last comment on the Delhi emperor is a plea on his behalf: 'The gigantic genius of Tamerlane and the distinguished talents of Acbar throw a sort of splendour over the crimes and follies of his descendants; and I heartily hope that Government will reverence the ruins of fallen greatness, and that at least no fresh degradation is reserved for the poor old man, whose idea was associated in my childhood with all imaginable wealth and splendour, under the name of the "The Great Mogul".' Heber's most remarkable account is, however, that of the Mahratta Trimbakjee Danglia, who had been the sworn enemy of the British power in India and formed the principal centre of interest in the last Mahratta war. Heber's high chivalric sense prompted him to regard Trimbakjee as a little Napoleon and to seek an interview with him. In spite of all that was said to blacken his character, Heber insists on 'being allowed to pity him'. Of the meetings with British officials, that with Sir Thomas Munro has a touch of tragic irony. Heber saw Munro in 'domestic distress', Lady Munro being on the point of leaving for England with her children. Within a short time both Munro and Heber were to die in the land of exile, leaving widowed families, Heber's own death coming on within a few weeks of his meeting with Munro.

Throughout his tour in India, Heber possessed the outlook of a far-seeing statesman. Everywhere he was anxious to test the meaning and stability of British administration in India. He criticised British officials and British policy with friendly frankness, and was untiring in offering constructive suggestions for reform and progress. He was anxious to establish a cordial social understanding between Englishmen and Indians, and he himself led the way by his example. Lord Amherst acknowledged handsomely the salutary effect of the Lord Padre's sojourn, in inspiring a higher regard than ever for the British administration.

In preparing this selection, I owe many valuable suggestions to Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, Captain G. F. J. Cumberlege, and Mr. C. W. Stewart.

P. R. K.

THE VOYAGE TO INDIA

AN INDIAN SUNSET

September 18, 1823.—This evening we had a most beautiful sunset—the most remarkable recollected by any of the officers or passengers, and I think the most magnificent spectacle I ever saw. Besides the usual beautiful tints of crimson, flame-colour, etc., which the clouds displayed, and which were strangely contrasted with the deep blue of the sea, and the lighter, but equally beautiful, blue of the sky, there were in the immediate neighbourhood of the sinking sun, and for some time after his disc had disappeared, large tracts of a pale translucent green, such as I had never seen before, except in a prism, and surpassing every effect of paint, or glass, or gem. Everybody on board was touched and awed by the glory of the scene, and many observed that such a spectacle alone was worth the whole voyage from England. One circumstance in the scene struck me as different from all which I had been led to expect in a tropical sunset—I mean that its progress from light to darkness was much more gradual than most travellers and philosophers have stated. The dip of the sun did not seem more rapid, nor did the duration of the tints on the horizon appear materially less than on similar occasions in England. Neither did I notice any striking difference in the continuance of the twilight. I pointed out the fact to Major Sackville, who answered that he had long been convinced that the supposed rapidity of sunrise and sunset in

India had been exaggerated—that he had always found a good hour between dawn and sunrise, and little less between sunset and total darkness. As, indeed, we are at present within three degrees of the line, we must, *a fortiori*, have witnessed this precipitancy of the sun, if it really existed anywhere, in a still greater degree than it can be witnessed in any part of Hindostan.

A Squall at Sea

September 24.—A violent squall came on this morning about seven o'clock. Happily Captain Manning foresaw it from an uneasy sensation in the ship's motion, and took in all possible sail, to the surprise of his officers, who saw no reason for the measure. He was, however, only just in time, for, a moment after, we were laid nearly on our beam-ends, and, had we been carrying anything like our previous sail, must have been completely dismasted. Tremendous rain followed, with some thunder and lightning, and continued the greater part of the day. Towards evening the rain ceased, and the wind became light. The weather was, however, thick and hazy, and I never saw so much lightning as continued to flash on every side of us during the greater part of the night. Several of the passengers think this symptomatic of the change of the monsoon, the usual period of which, indeed, is not till the middle of next month; but it sometimes terminates prematurely, even as early as our present date. This possibility has a little damped the spirits of our party, since, though there are, I believe, several among us who will be almost sorry when our voyage is at an end, none of us can look forward without disappointment to the prospect of the indefinite delay, the uncertain

weather, and probable hurricanes to which this event would expose us. No observation could be taken this day (September 25). During the early part of the morning we lay completely becalmed, surrounded with very awful and magnificent thunder-storms, which swept past us in all directions, but without coming nigh us. A water-spout was also seen, but at a distance. At length a light breeze arose, but from the N.W., an unfavourable quarter. We were, however, able to get on with it in a tolerable, though not very direct, course: in the evening it drew more aft, and consequently resumed, in part, its proper character of S.W. monsoon, though so light as to do little good. It is probable, however, that the slow progress of last night may have been a dispensation of great kindness towards us, since the officers are of opinion that a very severe storm has taken place in our present latitude, within the last few hours. An uncomfortable swell prevails, indicating something of the sort, and the number of insects and land-birds around us seem to imply that a hard gale has driven them so far out to sea. Among the insects several dragon-flies appear, precisely like those of England, and some very beautiful butterflies and winged grasshoppers. A turtle-dove and two hawks perched on the rigging, all so much fatigued that the latter showed no desire to molest the former. The day beautifully clear, but intensely hot. Both to-day and yesterday the fragrance of the land, or at least the peculiar smell which denotes its neighbourhood, was perceived by the experienced organs of Captain Manning and his officers; but I could not catch anything in the breeze more than usual. We are all now in good spirits again, and the officers, more particularly, rejoice in having ascer-

tained the latitude correctly, a circumstance agreeable at all times, but especially desirable when about to approach a dangerous coast, at a time of the year when the sun and stars are frequently obscured for weeks together.

JUGGERNAUT TO MAHANUDDEE

September 27.—At eleven this day the Pagoda of Juggernaut and the two known by the name of the Black Pagodas were visible from the mast-head, bearing N.W. about eighteen miles and only distinguishable, on this flat coast, from sails, by those who were previously aware of their forms and vicinity; three or four vessels were seen at the same time, supposed to be small craft engaged in the coasting trade. Our latitude at twelve was 19° 30′. We had light wind with occasional squalls till twelve, after which a dead calm with a heavy and uncomfortable swell. I have been endeavouring, for the last two days, to compose a sermon, but my head aches, and my feelings are very unfavourable to serious mental exertion. It is some comfort to be assured that very few days in India are so severe as the weather which we now have, and our confined situation on ship-board makes us feel the heat more oppressive than we should otherwise do. The calm continued all day, and the sea-breeze which arose at night was by far too feeble to carry us on against a heavy swell and current from the N.E.

September 28.—Found ourselves to the westward of our late station by a good many miles, and drifting in to the Pagoda of Juggernaut. We had prayers as usual, and I preached, I hope, my *last* sermon on ship-board

during the voyage. Afterwards we cast anchor in twenty-five fathom water, with Juggernaut about fifteen miles to the N.W., visible with the naked eye from the deck, and very distinctly so with a glass. Its appearance strongly reminds me of the old Russian churches. To the S.W. of us, at a considerably greater distance, are seen two small hills, said to be near Ganjan:—

'....procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus
Italiam!'

About three o'clock a little breeze sprung up from the S.W., just enough to enable us to stem the current. We weighed anchor, and crept slowly along the coast E. by N. The evening was cool and pleasant, and we derived some amusement and mental occupation from watching the different objects which we passed. The immense hostile current and swell were much against us, and the night grew by degrees squally and rainy. The captain and chief mate were up nearly all night, and very anxious. The soundings showed a bottom of coarse sand and a little gravel.

September 29.—In the morning we had the mortification to find ourselves still in sight of Juggernaut and the Black Pagodas, and in fact very little advanced from our station at daybreak the preceding day. The breeze was quite incompetent to contend with the swell and current from the N.E., and all which we could comfort ourselves with was that we did not lose ground nor, as yesterday, drift to the westward. About noon a light breeze again sprung up from the S.E., and we now advanced slowly to the N., so as to see the Black Pagodas more clearly, and even to distinguish the coco-palms on

the coast. Several vessels were under the shore, one brig, some sloops, and a kind of galliot of singular rig, beside some boats with large square sails. The day was very pleasant and cool, and the night which followed beautiful. Our breeze was good, and our progress would have been excellent, but for the unfortunate current. As it was, after another anxious night of unceasing sounding and exertion to Captain Manning and his officers, we were only advanced, at six in the morning of the thirtieth, about forty miles, or not quite to the parallel of False Cape; yet even this was considerable gain, and would have made us very happy, had not a dismal accident overclouded all such feelings. About ten o'clock, as I was writing these lines in the cuddy, a cry was heard, 'Davy is overboard.' At first I thought they said 'the Baby'; and ran to the mizen-chains in a sort of confused agony, tugging at my coat buttons and my sleeves as I went, with the intention of leaping in after her; while there, however, I found that one of the poor boys apprenticed to Captain Manning by the Marine Society had fallen from the mizen gaff, and that one of the midshipmen, *Gower*, not *Davy*, as at first supposed, was knocked over by him in his fall: the boy only rose for a few moments and sunk for ever, but the midshipman was picked up when almost exhausted. It was pleasing to see the deep interest and manly sorrow excited by this sad accident in all on board. For my own part, I was so much stunned by the shock of my first mistake, that I felt, and still feel, a sort of sick and indistinct horror, which has prevented me from being so deeply affected as I otherwise must have been by the melancholy end of the poor lad thus suddenly called away.

The coast was so low that we could not discover any tokens of it, and we were compelled to feel our way by soundings every half-hour, keeping in from sixteen to twenty-nine fathom All this part of Orixa, as I am assured by Major Sackville, who has himself surveyed the coast, is very ill laid down in most charts. It is a large delta, formed by the mouths of the Maha-Nuddee and other rivers, the northernmost of which insulates Cape Palmiras, and the remainder flow into what is called the Cojan Bay, which is dry at low water; so that the real line of coast is nearly straight from Juggernaut to Palmiras. The night was fine and starlight, and we crept along, sounding every half-hour in from seventeen to twenty-three fathoms till after midnight, when we entered suddenly into a rapid stream of smooth water, which carried us considerably to the east. I happened to go on deck during this watch, and was much pleased and interested with the sight. It was exactly like a river, about half a mile broad, smooth, dimply, and whirling, bordered on each side by a harsh, dark, rippling sea, such as we had hitherto contended with, and which obviously still ran in a contrary direction. It was, I have no doubt, from Major Sackville's sketch, the fresh water of the Maha-Nuddee, which, being lighter specifically than the ocean, floated on its surface, and which appeared to flow into the sea at right angles to the Ganges. I sometimes thought of Robinson Crusoe's eddy—sometimes of the wondrous passage described in Lord Erskine's *Armata,*[1] but was not the less struck with the providential assistance which it afforded us. At five o'clock in the morning

1. Lord Erskine (1750-1823), Lord Chancellor, wrote a political novel, *Armata.*

of October 1, we were said to be in lat. 20° 38'; and as the wind was getting light, anchored soon after.

The fresh water of the Maha-Nuddee still remained flowing on the surface, and nearly in a N.E. direction, but too weak and too shallow to contend with the mighty Ganges, which ran like a mill-stream at a fathom or two underneath, and against which nothing but a very powerful gale could contend. Our hope is, therefore, in the flood-tide, and in the smallness of the distance which we have yet to pass before we get into pilot water. At twelve, encouraged by a little increase of breeze, we weighed anchor again, the passengers (most of them) lending their aid, and thus successfully and speedily accomplished it. All sails that were applicable were set, and the vessel, to our great joy, answered her helm, and evidently made some little way. By degrees her motion accelerated, and by three o'clock we were going along merrily. Captain Manning burned blue lights, and hoisted a lamp at his mizen gaff, as a signal to any pilot who might be in our neighbourhood. The signal was answered by several vessels, obviously at no great distance, but the doubt remained whether any of these were pilots, or whether they were merely, like ourselves, in search of one. Captain Manning, however, sent his cutter with one of the officers and ten men to that light which was most brilliant and the bearing of which appeared to tally with the situation of a brig which he had observed.

About seven in the evening of October the 3rd we were safely anchored in Saugor roads.

BRITISH SETTLEMENTS

CALCUTTA

October 11.—The approach to the city from the fort is striking; we crossed a large green plain, having on the left the Hooghly, with its forests of masts and sails seen through the stems of a double row of trees. On the right hand is the district called Chowringhee, lately a mere scattered suburb, but now almost as closely built as, and very little less extensive than, Calcutta. In front was the Esplanade, containing the Town-hall, the Government-house, and many handsome private dwellings,—the whole so like some parts of Petersburgh, that it was hardly possible for me to fancy myself anywhere else. No native dwellings are visible from this quarter, except one extensive but ruinous bazaar, which occupies the angle where Calcutta and Chowringhee join. Behind the Esplanade, however, are only Tank-square, and some other streets occupied by Europeans,—the Durrumtollah and Cossitollah are pretty equally divided between the different nations; and all the west of Calcutta is a vast town, composed of narrow, crooked streets, brick bazaars, bamboo huts, and here and there the immense convent-like mansion of some of the more wealthy 'Baboos' (the name of the native Hindoo gentleman, answering to our esquire), or Indian merchants and bankers. The Town-hall has no other merit than size, but the Government-house has narrowly missed being a noble structure; it consists of two semicircular galleries, placed back to

back, uniting in the centre in a large hall, and connecting four splendid suites of apartments. Its columns are, however, in a paltry style, and instead of having, as it might have had, two noble stories and a basement, it has three stories, all too low, and is too much pierced with windows on every side. I was here introduced to Lord Amherst, and afterwards went to the Cathedral, where I was installed. This is a very pretty building, all but the spire, which is short and clumsy. The whole composition, indeed, of the church is full of architectural blunders, but still it is, in other respects, handsome. The inside is elegant, paved with marble and furnished with very large and handsome glass chandeliers, the gift of Mr. M'Clintosh, with a light pulpit, with chairs on one side of the chancel for the Governor-General and his family, and on the other for the Bishop and Archdeacon. We dined to-day at the Government-house; to a stranger the appearance of the bearded and turbaned waiters is striking.

October 13.—We drive out twice a day on the course; I am much disappointed as to the splendour of the equipages, of which I had heard so much in England; the horses are most of them both small and poor, while the dirty white dresses and bare limbs of their attendants have, to an unaccustomed eye, an appearance of anything but wealth and luxury. Calcutta stands on an almost perfect level of alluvial and marshy ground, which a century ago was covered with jungle and stagnant pools, and which still almost everywhere betrays its unsoundness by the cracks conspicuous in the best houses. To the east, at the distance of four miles and a half, is a large but shallow

lagoon of salt water, being the termination of the Sunderbunds, from which a canal is cut pretty nearly to the town, and towards which all the drainings of the city flow—what little difference of level there is being in favour of the banks of the river. Between the salt lake and the city the space is filled by gardens, fruit-trees, and the dwellings of the natives, some of them of considerable size, but mostly wretched huts, all clustered in irregular groups round large square tanks, and connected by narrow, winding, unpaved streets and lanes, amid tufts of bamboos, coco-trees, and plantains, picturesque and striking to the sight but extremely offensive to the smell, from the quantity of putrid water, the fumes of wood smoke, coco-nut oil, and, above all, the ghee. which is to the Hindoo his principal luxury. Few Europeans live here, and those few, such as the missionaries, are said to suffer greatly from the climate.

To the south a branch of the Hooghly flows also into the Sunderbunds. It is called by Europeans 'Tolly's nullah',[1] but the natives regard it as the true Gunga, the wide stream being, as they pretend, the work of human and impious hands at some early period of their history. In consequence, no person worships the river between Kidderpore and the sea, while this comparatively insignificant ditch enjoys all the same divine honours which the Ganges and the Hooghly enjoy during the earlier parts of their course. The banks of the Tolly's nullah are covered by two large and nearly contiguous villages, Kidderpoor and Allypoor, as well as by several considerable European houses, and are said to be

1. Small stream.

remarkably dry and wholesome. To the north is a vast extent of fertile country, divided into rice-fields, orchards, and gardens, covered with a thick shade of fruit-trees, and swarming with an innumerable population, occupying the large suburbs of Cossipoor, Chitpoor, etc. This tract resembles, in general appearance, the eastern suburb, but is drier, healthier, and more open; through it lie the two great roads to Dum Dum and Barrackpoor. Westward flows the Hooghly, at least twice as broad as the Thames below London Bridge, covered with large ships and craft of all kind, and offering on its farther bank the prospect of another considerable suburb, that of Howrah, chiefly inhabited by ship-builders, but with some pretty villas interspersed. The road which borders Calcutta and Chowringhee is called, whimsically enough, 'the circular road', and runs along nearly the same line which was once occupied by a wide ditch and earthen fortification, raised on occasion of the Maharatta war. This is the boundary of the liberties of Calcutta and of English law. All offences committed within this line are tried by the 'Sudder Adawlut', or Supreme Court of Justice; those beyond fall, in the first instance, within the cognizance of the local magistracy, and in case of appeal are determined by the 'Sudder Dewannee', or Court of the People[1] in Chowringhee, whose proceedings are guided by the Koran and the Laws of Menu.

From the north-west angle of the fort to the city, along the banks of the Hooghly, is a walk of pounded brick, cov-

1. Heber seems to have confused the functions of the 'Sudder Nizamat Adawlut' (the supreme court of criminal appeal) and the 'Sudder Dewanee Adawlut' (the supreme court of civil appeal).

ered with sand, the usual material of the roads and streets in and near Calcutta, with a row of trees on each side, and about its centre a flight of steps to descend to the river, which in the morning, a little after sunrise, is generally crowded with persons washing themselves and performing their devotions, of which, indeed, ablution is an essential and leading part. The rest consists, in general, in repeatedly touching the forehead and cheeks with white, red, or yellow earth, and exclamations of 'Ram! Ram!' There are some Brahmins, however, always about this time seated on the bank under the trees, who keep counting their beads, turning over the leaves of their banana-leaf[1] books, and muttering their prayers with considerable seeming devotion, and for a long time together. These are 'Gooroos', or Religious Teachers, and seem considerably respected. Children and young persons are seen continually kneeling down to them, and making them little offerings, but the wealthier Hindoos seldom stop their palanquins for such a purpose. Where the Esplanade-walk joins Calcutta, a very handsome quay is continued along the side of the river, resembling in everything but the durability of material the quays of Petersburgh. It is unhappily of brick instead of granite, and is as yet unfinished, but many houses and public buildings are rising on it, and it bids fair to be a very great additional ornament and convenience to Calcutta. Vessels of all descriptions, to the burden of six hundred tons, may lie almost close up to this quay, and there is always a crowd of ships and barks, as well as a very interesting assemblage of strangers of all sorts and nations to be seen. Of these perhaps the Arabs, who are

1. A mistake for palm-leaf.

numerous, are the most striking, from their comparative fairness, their fine bony and muscular figures, their noble countenances and picturesque dress. That of a wealthy Arab 'Nacode', or captain, is pretty much what may be seen in 'Niebuhr's *Travels*,'[1] as that of an emir of Yemen. They are said to be extremely intelligent, bold, and active, but very dirty in their ships, and excessively vain and insolent whenever they have the opportunity of being so with impunity.

The crowd on this quay, and in every part of Calcutta, is great. No fighting, however, is visible, though we have a great deal of scolding. A Hindoo hardly ever strikes an equal, however severely he may be provoked. The Arabs, as well as the Portuguese, are less patient, and at night frays, and even murders, in the streets are of no unfrequent occurrence, chiefly, however, among the two descriptions of persons whom I have named. There are among the Hindoos very frequent instances of murder, but of a more cowardly and premeditated kind. They are cases chiefly of women murdered from jealousy, and children for the sake of the silver ornaments with which their parents are fond of decorating them. Out of thirty-six cases of murder reported in the province of Bengal during the short space of, I believe, three months, seventeen were of children under these circumstances.

CALCUTTA—THE BOTANICAL GARDEN

November 20.—We went to see the Botanical Garden with Lady Amherst. Captain Manning took us down in

1. Niebuhr, a Dane, whose *Travels* in the East, including India, was published in 1792.

his ship's cutter to the 'Ghat', or landing-place, at the Garden Reach, which is on the opposite side of the river, and where we met Lady and Miss Amherst, who were waiting for us with one of the Governor's boats. Of these there are two; the largest is called the Sunamookeee,[1] and is a splendid but heavy, gilt and painted barge, rigged like a ketch, with a dining-room and bed-room; the other, on which we were now to embark, is the 'Feel Churra', elephant bark, from having its head adorned with that of an elephant, with silver tusks.

The Botanical Garden is a very beautiful and well-managed institution, enriched, besides the noblest trees and most beautiful plants of India, with a vast collection of exotics, chiefly collected by Dr. Wallich himself, in Nepaul, Pulo Penang, Sumatra, and Java, and increased by contributions from the Cape, Brazil, and many different parts of Africa and America, as well as Australasia, and the South Sea Islands. It is not only a curious but a picturesque and most beautiful scene, and more perfectly answers Milton's idea of Paradise, except that it is on a dead flat instead of a hill, than anything which I ever saw. Among the exotics I noticed the nutmeg, a pretty tree, something like a myrtle, with a beautiful peachlike blossom, but too delicate for the winter even of Bengal, and, therefore, placed in the most sheltered situation, and carefully matted round. The sago-palm is a tree of great singularity and beauty, and in a grove or avenue produces an effect of striking solemnity, not unlike that of Gothic architecture. There were some splendid South American creepers, some plantains from

1. Corruption of 'swarnamukee', gold-faced

the Malayan Archipelago, of vast size and great beauty; and, what excited a melancholy kind of interest, a little wretched oak, kept alive with difficulty under a sky and in a temperature so perpetually stimulating, which allowed it no repose, or time to shed its leaves and recruit its powers by hybernation. Some of the other trees, of which I had formed the greatest expectations, disappointed me—such as the pine of New Caledonia, which does not succeed here, at least the specimen which was shown me was weak-looking and diminutive in comparison with the prints in Cook's *Voyage,* the recollection of which is strongly imprinted on my mind, though I have not looked at them since I was a boy. Of the enormous size of the Adansonia, a tree from the neighbourhood of Gambia and Senegal, I had heard much—the elephant of the vegetable creation! I was, however, disappointed. The tree is doubtless wonderful, and the rapidity of its growth is still more wonderful than its bulk: but it is neither particularly tall nor stately. Its bulk consists in an enormous enlargement of its circumference immediately above the roots, and for a comparatively small height up its stem, which rather resembles that disease of the leg which bears the elephant's name, than tallies with his majestic and well-proportioned, though somewhat unwieldy, stature. Dr. Wallich has the management of another extensive public establishment at Tittyghur, near Barrackpoor, of the same nature with this, but appropriated more to the introduction of useful plants into Bengal. He is himself a native of Denmark, but left his country young, and has devoted his life to natural history and botany in the East. His character and conversation are more than usually interesting; the first all frankness, friendliness,

and ardent zeal for the service of science; the last enriched by a greater store of curious information relating to India and the neighbouring countries than any which I have met with.

These different public establishments used to be all cultivated by the convicts in chains, of whom I have already spoken. In the Botanical Garden their labour is now supplied by peasants hired by the day or week, and the exchange is found cheap, as well as otherwise advantageous and agreeable; the labour of free men here, as elsewhere, being infinitely cheaper than that of slaves.

Broach

April 10, 1825.—This day we reached Broach, a large ruinous city on the northern bank of the Nerbudda. We were hospitably entertained in the house of Mr. Corsellis, the commercial agent. His dwelling, as usual in this presidency, is in the middle of the town, but on an elevated terrace within the ramparts of the old fort and commanding an extensive view of the river, which is a noble sheet of water of, I should guess, two miles across even at ebb tide. It is very shallow, however, except at flood, and even then admits no vessels beyond the bar at Tunkaria Bunde larger than a moderate-sized lighter. The boats which navigate it are rigged with large lateen sails instead of square or lug, another peculiarity in which the habits of this side of India approach those of the Levant and the Arabian Sea, rather than those of Bengal. Broach, by the help of these boats, drives on a considerable trade in cotton, which it sends down to Bombay. It is now, however, a poor and dilapidated place, and also reckoned very hot and unwholesome.

At Broach is one of those remarkable institutions[1] which have made a good deal of noise in Europe as instances of Hindoo[2] benevolence to inferior animals. I mean hospitals for sick and infirm beasts, birds, and insects. I was not able to visit it, but Mr. Corsellis described it as a very dirty and neglected place, which, though it has considerable endowments in land, only serves to enrich the Brahmins who manage it. They have really animals of several different kinds there, not only those which are accounted sacred by the Hindoos, as monkeys, peacocks, etc., but horses, dogs, and cats; and they have also, in little boxes, an assortment of lice and fleas. It is not true, however, that they feed those pensioners on the flesh of beggars hired for the purpose.[3] The Brahmins say that insects, as well as the other inmates of their infirmary, are fed with vegetables only, such as rice, etc. How the insects thrive I did not hear; but the old horses and dogs, nay, the peacocks and apes, are allowed to starve, and the only creatures said to be in any tolerable plight are some milch cows, which may be kept from other motives than charity.

Another curiosity in this neighbourhood is the celebrated bur or banyan tree, called Kuveer Bur from a saint[4] who is said to have planted it. It stands on, and

1. Commonly known as 'pinjrapoles'.

2. These institutions belong to the Jains.

3. Forbes asserts the contrary in his *Oriental Memoirs*. He also says, 'The doctrine of metempsychosis is commonly supposed to be the cause of founding this singular hospital; I, however, conversed with several Brahmins on the subject, who rather ascribed it to a motive of benevolence for the animal creation.'

4. The celebrated Kabir.

entirely covers, an island of the Nerbudda, about twelve miles above Broach. Of this tree, which has been renowned ever since the first coming of the Portuguese to India, which is celebrated by our early voyagers and by Milton,[1] and which, the natives tell us, boasted a shade sufficiently broad to shelter ten thousand horse, a considerable part has been washed away with the soil on which it stood, within these few years, by the freshes of the river; but enough remains, as I was assured, to make one of the noblest groves in the world, and well worthy of all the admiration which it has received. This I would gladly have seen; but I had too many motives to urge me on to Bombay to allow of my sacrificing, as I apprehended I must have done, two days for the purpose of going and returning.

Surat—The Earliest British Settlement in India

April, 1825.—From the riverside to the gates of Surat are four miles and a half, through gardens and a deep sandy lane; thence we drove through the city, nearly two miles, to Mr. Romer's house, where we found spacious, but very hot, apartments provided for us. Surat, or, as the natives pronounce it, Soorut (beauty), is a very large and ugly city, with narrow winding streets and high houses of timber-frames, filled up with bricks, the upper storeys projecting over each other. The wall is entire and in good repair, with semi-circular bastions and battlements like those of the Kremlin. Its destruction or abandonment to ruin has been more than once talked of;

1. *P.L.*, *IX*, 1101-1110.

but the feeling of security which the natives derive from such a rampart, and the superior facilities which it affords to the maintenance of a good police and the collection of the town duties, have, with good reason, preponderated in favour of supporting it. The circuit of the city is about six miles in a semi-circle, of which the river Taptee or Tâpee forms the chord; near the centre of this chord and washed by the river, stands a small castle, with round bastions, glacis, and covered way, in which a few sepoys and European artillery-men are stationed, and which is distinguished by the singularity of two flag-staves, on one of which is displayed an Union Jack, on the other a plain red flag, the ancient ensign of the Emperors of Delhi. This arrangement was adopted, I believe, in courtesy, at the time when the East India Company conquered the fort from the Nawab of Surat, and has never since been discontinued, though the Nawab, like the emperor himself, is now only a pensioner on the bounty or justice of the Government. In the neighbourhood of this fort are most of the English houses, of a good size and surrounded by extensive compounds, but not well contrived to resist heat and arranged with a strange neglect both of tatties and punkahs. Without the walls are a French factory, containing some handsome and convenient buildings, but now quite deserted by their proper owners and occupied by different English officers who pay a rent to some country-born people, who pretend to have an interest in them, and a Dutch factory, also empty, the chief of which is only waiting the orders of his government to surrender this, like the other Dutch settlements, to the English. The French factory had been restored to that nation at the

peace, and a governor and several officers came to take possession. The diseases, however, of the climate attacked them with unusual severity. The governor died, and his suite was so thinned that the few survivors returned to the Isle of Bourbon, whence nobody has been sent to supply their place.

The trade of Surat, indeed, is now of very trifling consequence, consisting of little but raw cotton, which is shipped in boats for Bombay. All the manufactured goods of the country are undersold by the English. except kincob and shawls, for which there is very little demand; a dismal decay has consequently taken place in the circumstances of the native merchants, and an instance fell under my knowledge in which an ancient Mussulman family, formerly of great wealth and magnificence, were attempting to dispose of their library, a very valuable one, for subsistence. There is a small congregation of Armenians in a state of decay and general poverty; but the most thriving people are the Boras (who drive a trade all through this part of India as bunyans and money-lenders) and the Parsees. These last are proprietors of half the houses in Surat and seem to thrive where nobody else but the Boras can glean even a scanty maintenance. The boats which lie in Surat river are of thirty or forty tons, half-decked, with two masts and two very large lateen sails; vessels of greater draught must lie about fifteen miles off, below the bar, at the mouth of the Taptee, but, except the ketches in the Company's service, few larger vessels ever come here. The English society is unusually numerous and agreeable, as this city is the station not only of a considerable military force, but of a

collector, a board of custom, a circuit court, and the Sudder Adawlut for the whole Presidency of Bombay, which, for the greater conveniency of the people and on account of its central situation, Mr. Elphinstone has wisely removed hither. There is a very neat and convenient church, which I consecrated on Sunday, April 17th, as well as an extensive and picturesque burial-ground, full of large but ruinous tombs of the former servants of the Company; most of these are from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty years old, and in the Mussulman style of architecture, with large apartments surmounted by vaults, and containing within two or three tombs, exactly like those of the Mahommedans, except that the bodies lie east and west, instead of north and south. The largest of these buildings is that in memory of Sir George Oxenden,[1] one of the earliest governors of British India, at the time when British India comprised little more than the factory at this place, and the then almost desolate Island of Bombay. He could hardly at that time have even dreamed how great a territory his countrymen would possess in India yet I must say that the size and solidity of his sepulchre is not unworthy that of one of the first founders of an empire.

I neither saw nor could hear of any distinguished Mussulman or Hindoo building in Surat. The Nawab's residence is modern, but not particularly handsome; he has no territory, but a pension of a lac and a half per

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1. Sir George Oxenden (1620-1669): chief director for the East India Company at Surat: established the Company's trade in face of opposition from Dutch and French: defended Surat against Sivaji: governor of Bombay.

annum. He sent me some civil messages, but did not call. He is said to be a young man, much addicted to low company, and who shuts himself up even from the most respectable families of his own sect. I received civil messages and offers of visits from the Bora moullah, the Mogul cazi, and other learned Mussulmans; but excused myself, being in fact fully occupied and a good deal oppressed by the heat, which almost equalled that in Kairah,[1] and exceeded anything which I had felt in other parts of the country. On the whole, Surat, except in its society which is nowhere excelled in British India, appears to me an uninteresting and unpleasant city, and, in beauty of situation, inferior even to Broach.

BOMBAY[2]

June, 1825.—At the commencement of the hot season, those Europeans who are obliged by business or other circumstances to have their principal residences within the fort, erect bungalows on the adjoining esplanade, which are, many of them, remarkably elegant buildings but quite unfit to resist the violence of the monsoon. On its approach, their inhabitants return into the fort, the bungalows are taken down and preserved for another year, and their place is, in a very short time, occupied by a sheet of water. The esplanade is on the sea beach, with the black town at its furthest end, amidst a grove of coco-trees. This town stretches across the whole end of the island, and makes the communication between the fort and the interior unpleasant, from the heat and dust of its narrow streets. The houses within the fort are of a

1. In Gujarat.

2. From Mrs. Heber's *Journal*.

singular construction, and quite unlike any in the East of India, being generally of three or four storeys high, with wooden verandahs, supported by wooden pillars, projecting one above another; these pillars, as well as the fronts of the verandahs, are often very beautifully carved, but the streets are so narrow that it is impossible to have a complete view of them. The prospect from some parts of the fort is extremely beautiful, looking across the bay, over islands, many of them covered with wood, to the Ghats, which form a magnificent background to the picture. A great number of Parsees[1] live within the walls; they are a frugal and industrious race, who possess a considerable part of the island, and are partners in almost all the commercial houses, as well as great ship-builders and ship-owners. The 'Lowjee Family', a large vessel of 1,000 tons, in which I came from Calcutta, belongs to a family of that name, whose head has an excellent house near Pareil. In our early and late rides I have been interested in observing these men on the shore, with their faces turned towards the East or West, worshipping the rising and setting sun, frequently standing within the surge, their hands joined, and praying aloud with much apparent devotion, though, to my astonishment, I was assured, in a language unintelligible to themselves; others are to be seen prostrate on the ground, devoutly rubbing their noses and foreheads in the sand; they worship the four elements, but give the pre-eminence to fire. Their principal temple is in the centre of the black town, where the everlasting fire is preserved by the priests. I never

1. The Parsis, who are refugees from Persia, are said to have arrived in India in 717 A.D. at Sanjan, sixty miles north of Bombay.

observed their women at prayer, but they are hourly to be seen mixed with Hindoos and Mussulmans, in crowds surrounding the wells on the esplanade and scrambling for their turn to fill the pitcher and the skin. In this respect there is a remarkable difference between the customs of the Bombay women and those of their Bengalee sisterhood, who are seldom seen drawing water for any purposes. The principal Parsee burial-ground is on an eminence near the coast. I met a funeral procession in one of my rides, just on the point of ascending it, which had a singular effect among the trees and jungle; the body was laid on a bier, covered with a white cloth, and carried by six men clothed in long white garments and closely veiled; it was preceded and followed by a number of persons in the same costume, walking two and two, each pair linked together with a white handkerchief. They object to any Europeans approaching their burial-ground; indeed, in former times, Mr. Elphinstone told me, a *Giaour*[1] found within their precincts was liable to be expelled the island. But a friend of ours who contrived to gain access to it, gave me the following description of one of them:—A deep well, of very large diameter, is sunk in the hill, the sides are built round near the surface, and partitioned into three different receptacles for men, women, and children; on ledges within these partitions the bodies are placed, and left exposed to the vultures, who are always hovering in the neighbourhood, while the friends anxiously wait at some distances to ascertain which eye is first torn out, inferring from thence whether the souls are happy or miserable. When the flesh is consumed, the bones are thrown down the well, into which

1. An infidel.

the subterranean passages lead, for the purpose of removing them when it becomes too full. The Christian churchyard, the Mussalman burial-ground, the place where the Hindoos burn their dead, and the Parsee vault, are all within a short distance of each other.

At Malabar Point, about eight miles from the town, is a very pretty cottage, in a beautiful situation, on a rocky and woody promontory, and actually washed by the sea-spray, where Mr. Elphinstone chiefly resides during the hot weather. From Mr. Elphinstone's house there is a magnificent view of the town and harbour; and at the extremity of this promontory, in a part of the rock which it is difficult to approach, are the remains of a pagoda, and a hole, famous as a place of resort for Hindoo devotees, who believe that on entering it they are purified from all their sins, and come out regenerate. The western side of the promontory is considered as one of the healthiest situations in Bombay, and there are several European houses on the beach; there is also a beautiful village almost solely inhabited by Brahmins, with a very fine tank in its centre, and some magnificent flights of steps leading to the water. These people seem to enjoy the beau ideal of Hindoo luxury, occupied only in the ceremonies of their religion, and passing the rest of their lives in silent contemplation, as they would themselves assert, but, as I should rather express it, in sleeping and smoking.

Madras

February 25, 1826.—Our first view of the coast of Coromandel was of some low craggy hills near Pulicat,[1]

1. This is a mistake. Pulicat is further north of Madras.

at some little distance inland. Madras itself is on a level beach, having these hills eight or ten miles to the north and the insulated rock of St. Thomas about the same distance southward. The buildings and fort, towards the sea, are handsome, though not large and grievously deficient in shade; the view, however, from the roads and on landing is very pretty.

The masuli-boats (which first word is merely a corruption of 'muchli', fish) have been often described, and, except that they are sewed together with coco-nut twine, instead of being fastened with nails, they very much resemble the high deep charcoal-boats which are frequently seen on the Ganges. The catamarans, however, I found I had no idea of till I saw them. They are each composed of three coco-tree logs, lashed together, and big enough to carry one, or, at most, two persons. In one of these a small sail is fixed, like those used in Ceylon, and the navigator steers with a little paddle; the float itself is almost entirely sunk in the water, so that the effect is very singular, of a sail sweeping along the surface with a man behind it and apparently nothing to support them. Those which have no sails are consequently invisible, and the men have the appearance of treading water and performing evolutions with a racket. In very rough weather the men lash themselves to their little rafts, but in ordinary seas they seem, though frequently washed off, to regard such accidents as mere trifles, being naked all but a wax-cloth cap, in which they keep any letters they may have to convey to ships in the roads, and all swimming like fish. Their only danger is from sharks, which are said to abound. These cannot hurt them while on their floats,

but woe be to them if they catch them while separated from that defence! Yet, even then, the case is not quite hopeless, since the shark can only attack them from below; and a rapid dive, if not in very deep water, will sometimes save them. I have met an Englishman who thus escaped from a shark which had pursued him for some distance. He was cruelly wounded and almost dashed to pieces on the rocky bottom against which the surf threw him; but the shark dared not follow, and a few strokes more placed him in safety.

The contrary wind which had so long delayed us ensured us a peaceable landing, as it blew directly off shore, and the surf was consequently much less than it often is or than I had heard it described. It was less than we had seen it in the shore of Ceylon, not merely at Galle, but at Barbareen, and on the beach near Colombo; still it would, I think, have staved the strongest ship's boat, but in boats adapted to the service it had nothing formidable.

The principal church in Madras, St. George's, is very beautiful, and the chunam,[1] particularly, of the inside has an effect little less striking than the finest marble.

The other buildings of Madras offer nothing very remarkable; the houses all stand in large compounds, scattered over a very great extent of ground, though not quite so widely separated as at Bombay. There are not many upper-roomed houses among them, nor have I seen any of three storeys. The soil is, happily, so dry that people may safely live and sleep on the ground-floor. I

1. Slaked lime.

do not think that in size of rooms they quite equal those either of Calcutta or Bombay; but they are more elegant, and to my mind, pleasanter than the majority of either. The compounds are all shaded with trees and divided by hedges of bamboo or prickly pear; against these hedges several objections have lately been made on the ground that they intercept the breeze and contribute to fevers. I know not whether this charge has any foundation, but, if removed, they would greatly disfigure the place; and in this arid climate, where no grass can be preserved more than a few weeks after the rains, would increase, to an almost intolerable degree, a glare from the sandy and rocky soil, which I already found very oppressive and painful.

Government-house is handsome, but falls short of Pareil in convenience and the splendour of the principal apartments. There is, indeed one enormous banqueting-house, detached from the rest and built at a great expense, but in vile taste; and which can neither be filled nor lighted to any advantage. It contains some bad paintings of Coote, Cornwallis, Meadows, and other military heroes, and one, of considerable merit, of Sir Robert Strange, all fast going to decay in the moist sea-breeze, and none of them, except the last, deserving of a longer life.

During my stay in Madras I paid a visit to the Prince Azeem Khan, uncle and guardian to the Nawab of the Carnatic, who is an infant. All my clergy accompanied me in their gowns, and we were received with as much state as this little court could muster, but which need not be described, as it did not vary from that of other Mussulman princes and reminded me very much of Dacca on

a larger scale. I was chiefly struck with the great number of 'ullemah', learned men or, at least, persons in the white dress of Mussulman ullemah, whom we found there.

While I was conversing, to the best of my power, with the prince, Mr. Robinson was talking with some of these, who asked many curious questions about our clergy, whether all those whom they saw had come with me from Calcutta, whether our clergy could marry, whether I was married, and whether I was appointed to my office by the Company or the King. I rose, visibly, in their estimation by being told the latter, but they expressed their astonishment that I wore no beard, observing, with much truth, that our learned men lost much dignity and authority by the effeminate custom of shaving. They also asked if I was the head of all the English Church; and on being told that I was the head in India but that there was another clergyman in England superior to me, the question was then again asked, 'And does not he wear a beard?' Near the place where I sate a discussion arose, whether my office answered to any among the Mussulmans and it was at length determined that I was, precisely, what they termed 'moostahid'.

The Legend of St. Thomas

Mr. Robinson and I left Madras on the afternoon of Monday, the 13th, having sent on our baggage, horses, and servants on the preceding Saturday, under the care of Captain Harkness, the officer commanding my escort. We went in a carriage to the military station of St. Thomas's Mount, eight miles from Madras, intending, in our way, to visit the spot marked out by tradition as the

place where the Apostle St. Thomas was martyred. Unfortunately the 'little mount', as this is called (being a small rocky knoll with a Roman Catholic church on it, close to Marmalong bridge in the suburb of Melapoor), is so insignificant and so much nearer Madras than we had been given to understand that it did not attract our attention till too late. That it is really the place I see no good reason for doubting; there is as fair historical evidence as the case requires, that St. Thomas preached the Gospel in India and was martyred at a place named Milliapoor or Meilapoor. The Eastern Christians, whom the Portuguese found in India, all agreed in marking out this as the spot and in saying that the bones, originally buried here, had been carried away as relics to Syria. They, and even the surrounding heathen, appear to have always venerated the spot, as these last still do, and to have offered gifts here on the supposed anniversary of his martyrdom. And as the story contains nothing improbable from beginning to end (except a trumpery fabrication of some relics found here by the Portuguese monks about a century and a half ago), so it is not easy to account for the origin of such a story among men of different religions, unless there were some foundation for it.

I know it has sometimes been fancied that the person who planted Christianity in India was a Nestorian Bishop named Thomas, not St. Thomas the Apostle; but this rests, absolutely, on no foundation but a supposition, equally gratuitous and contrary to all early ecclesiastical history, that none of the Apostles except St. Paul went far from Judea. To this it is enough to answer that

we have no reason why they should *not* have done so, or why, while St. Paul went (or intended to go) to the shores of the further west, St. Thomas should not have been equally laborious and enterprising in an opposite direction. But that all the Apostles, except the two St. Jameses, did really go forth to preach the Gospel in different parts of the world, as it was, *a priori,* to be expected, so, that they did so, we have the authority of Eusebius and the old Martyrologies, which is at least as good as the doubts of a later age, and which would be reckoned conclusive if the question related to any point of civil history. Nor must it be forgotten, that there were Jews settled in India at a very early period, to convert whom would naturally induce an apostle to think of coming hither; that the passage either from the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea is neither long nor difficult, and was then extremely common; and that it may be, therefore, as readily believed that St. Thomas was slain at Meilapoor as that St. Paul was beheaded at Rome or that Leonidas fell at Thermopylae. Under these feelings I left the spot behind with regret, and shall visit it, if I return to Madras, with a reverent, though, I hope, not a superstitious, interest and curiosity.

The larger mount, as it is called, of St. Thomas is a much more striking spot, being an insulated cliff of granite, with an old church on the summit, the property of those Armenians who are united to the church of Rome. It is also dedicated to St. Thomas, but (what greatly proves the authenticity of its rival) none of the sects of Christians or Hindoos consider it as having been in any remarkable manner graced by his presence or

burial. It is a picturesque little building, and commands a fine view. We went up to it with Mr. Hallowell, the chaplain of the station at its foot, which is the principal cantonment for artillery belonging to the Madras army.

Government are building a handsome church here, in a very advantageous situation, immediately at the foot of the mount and with some noble trees round it. The foundation is now laid, and, when finished, it will have its chancel westward instead of eastward, a peculiarity which I found many persons were offended at, but which I did not think worth altering, inasmuch as this method of placing the building suited best in point of effect and convenience. There is no canon that I know of for placing churches with the altars eastward, and, though this custom is certainly most ancient and usual,[1] there have been many remarkable exceptions to it, from the cathedral of Antioch, built in the age immediately succeeding the Apostles, down to St. Peter's in Rome, which has also its sanctuary westward.

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1. It is interesting to note that most Hindu shrines are constructed to face the East.

PRE-BRITISH CAPITALS

Delhi and the Emperor

December 29, 1824.—The morning was clear and pleasant, and the air and soil delightfully refreshed by the rain. I rode Cabul, and arrived by about eight o'clock on the banks of the Jumna, on the other side of which I had a noble view of Delhi, which is a larger and finer city than I expected to see. The inhabited part of it (for the ruins extend over a surface as large as London, Westminster, and Southwark) is about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded by an embattled wall, which the English Government have put into repair, and are now engaged in strengthening with bastions, a moat, and a regular glacis. The houses within are many of them large and high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes, and above all are seen the palace, a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, and the Jumna Musjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India. The chief material of all these fine buildings is red granite, of a very agreeable though solemn colour, inlaid in some of the ornamental parts with white marble, and the general style of building is of a simple and impressive character, which reminded me, in many respects, of Carnarvon. It far exceeds anything at Moscow.

December 30.—This morning Lushington and I rode to the tomb of the Emperor Humaioon, six miles from

the city, S.W. We passed, in our way to the Agra-gate, along a very broad but irregular street, with a channel of water, cased with stone, conducted along its middle. This is a part of the celebrated aqueduct[1] constructed, in the first instance, by Ali Merdan Khan, a Persian nobleman, in the service of the Emperor Shahjehan, then long neglected during the troubles of India and the decay of the Mogul power, and within these few years repaired by the English Government. It is conducted from the Jumna, immediately on leaving its mountains, and while its stream is yet pure and wholesome, for a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles; and is a noble work, giving fertility to a very large extent of country near its banks, and absolutely the sole source of vegetation to the gardens of Delhi, besides furnishing its inhabitants with almost the only drinkable water within their reach. When it was first re-opened by Sir Charles Metcalfe in 1820, the whole population of the city went out in jubilee to meet its stream, throwing flowers, ghee, etc. into the water, and calling down all manner of blessings on the British Government, who have indeed gone far, by this measure, to redeem themselves from the weight of, I fear, a good deal of impolicy.

Half-way along the street which I have been describing, and nearly opposite another great street with a similar branch of the canal, which runs at right angles to

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1. This is a branch, to Delhi, of the canal from the Jumna made by Firoz Shah Tughlak, in the 14th century. The Delhi branch was no doubt constructed in Shah Jehan's time; but Ali Merdan Khan's name appears in history as that of a Persian Governor who ceded Kandahar to the Moghul emperor in 1637.

the former, stands the imperial palace, built by the Emperor Shahjehan, surrounded on this side by a wall of, I should think, sixty feet high, embattled and machicolated, with small round tower and two noble gateways, each defended by an outer barbican of the same construction, though of less height. The whole is of red granite, and surrounded by a wide moat. It is a place of no strength, the walls being only calculated for bows and arrows or musketry, but as a kingly residence it is one of the noblest that I have seen. It far surpasses the Kremlin, but I do not think that, except in the durability of its materials, it equals Windsor.

From the gate of Agra to Humaioon's tomb is a very awful scene of desolation, ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brick-work, free-stone, granite, and marble, scattered everywhere over a soil naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and without a single tree. I was reminded of Caffa in the Crimea, but this was Caffa on the scale of London, with the wretched fragments of a magnificence such as London itself cannnot boast. The ruins really extended as far as the eye could reach, and our track wound among them all the way. This was the seat of old Delhi, as founded by the Patan kings, on the ruins of the still larger Hindoo city of Indraput,[1] which lay chiefly in a western direction. When the present city, which is certainly in a more advantageous situation, was founded by the Emperor Shahjehan, he removed many of its inhabitants thither; most of the rest followed, to be near

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1. Corruption of Indraprastha, the capital of the Pandavas in the *Mahabbarata*.

the palace and the principal markets; and as during the Maharatta Government there was no sleeping in a safe skin without the walls, old Delhi was soon entirely abandoned. The official name of the present city is Shahjehanpoor, 'city of the king of the world!', but the name of Delhi is always used in conversation and in every writing but those which are immediately offered to the emperor's eye.

In our way, one mass of ruins larger than the rest was pointed out to us as the old Patan palace. It has been a large and solid fortress, in a plain and unornamented style of artitecture,[1] and would have been picturesque had it been in a country where trees grow, and ivy was green, but is here only ugly and melancholy. It is chiefly remarkable for a high black pillar of cast metal,[2] called Firoze's walking-stick. This was originally a Hindoo work, the emblem, I apprehend, of Siva, which stood in a temple on the same spot, and concerning which

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1. Firoz Shah was third of the Tuglak kings of Delhi (1351-88). After the death of Ala-ud-din Khilji, 'for fully a century, the Pathan buildings are marked by a stern simplicity of design and a solemn gloom and nakedness, in marked contrast to the elaborate richness of ornamentation of the preceding period.'—James Burgess.

2. 'The art of polishing hard stone was carried to such perfection (in the age of Asoka) that it is said to have become a lost art beyond modern powers. . . . The burnishing of Firoz Shah's *Lat*, the column from Topra, now at Delhi, is so exquisite that several observers have believed the column to be metallic. Quaint Tom Coryate in the seventeenth century described the monument as "a brazen pillar"; and even Bishop Heber, early in the nineteenth century, received the impression that it was a "high black pillar of cast metal".'—Vincent Smith.

there was a tradition, like that attached to the coronation stone of the Scots, that while it stood the children of Brahma were to rule in Indraput. On the conquest of the country by the Mussulmans the vanity of the prediction was shown, and Firoze enclosed it within the court of his palace.

About a mile and a half further, still through ruins, is Humaioon's tomb, a noble building of granite inlaid with marble and in a very chaste and simple style of Gothic architecture. It is surrounded by a large garden with terraces and fountains, all now gone to decay except one of the latter, which enables the poor people who live in the outbuildings of the tomb to cultivate a little wheat. The garden itself is surrounded by an embattled wall, with towers, four gateways, and a cloister within all the way round. In the centre of the square is a platform of about twenty feet high, and I should apprehend two hundred feet square, supported also by cloisters, and ascended by four great flights of granite steps. Above rises the tomb, also a square, with a great dome of white marble in its centre. The apartments within are a circular room, about as big as the Ratcliffe library, in the centre of which lies, under a small raised slab, the unfortunate prince to whose memory this fine building is raised. In the angles are smaller apartments, where other branches of his family are interred. From the top of the building I was surprised to see that we had still ruins on every side; and that, more particularly, to the westward and where old Indraput stood, the desolation apparently extended to a range of barren hills seven or eight miles off.

We afterwards went to the Jumna Musjeed,[1] and the Kala Musjeed.[2] The former is elevated very advantageously on a small rocky eminence, to the full height of the surrounding houses. In front it has a large square court surrounded by a cloister open on both sides, and commanding a view of the whole city, which is entered by three gates with a fine flight of steps to each. In the centre is a great marble reservoir of water, with some small fountains, supplied by machinery from the canal. The whole court is paved with granite inlaid with marble. On its west side, and rising up another flight of steps, is the mosque itself, which is entered by three noble Gothic arches, surmounted by three domes of white marble. It has at each end a very small minaret. The ornaments are less florid, and the building less picturesque, than the splendid group of the Imambara and its accompaniments at Lucknow; but the situation is far more commanding, and the size, the solidity, and rich materials of this building impressed me more than anything of the sort which I have seen in India. It is in excellent repair, the British Government having made a grant for this purpose, a measure which was very popular in Delhi.

The Kala Musjeed is small, and has nothing worthy notice about it but its plainness, solidity, and great antiquity, being a work of the first Patan conquerors, and belonging to the times of primitive Mussulman simplicity. It is exactly on the plan of the original Arabian mosques, a square court, surrounded by a cloister, and roofed with

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1. Built by Shah Jehan (1650-66).

2. Finished in the time of Firoz Shah, in 1386.

many small domes of the plainest and most solid construction, like the rudest specimens of what we call the early Norman architecture. It has no minaret; the crier stands on the roof to proclaim the hour of prayer. Thus ended our first day's sight-seeing in Delhi.

The 31st December 1824 was fixed for my presentation to the emperor, which was appointed for half-past eight in the morning. Lushington and a Captain Wade also chose to take the same opportunity. At eight I went, accompanied by Mr. Elliott, with nearly the same formalities as at Lucknow, except that we were on elephants instead of in palanquins, and that the procession was, perhaps, less splendid, and the beggars both less numerous and far less vociferous and importunate. We were received with presented arms by the troops of the palace drawn up within the barbican, and proceeded, still on our elephants, through the noblest gateway and vestibule which I ever saw. It consists, not merely of a splendid Gothic arch in the centre of the great gate-tower,—but, after that, of a long vaulted aisle, like that of a Gothic cathedral, with a small, open, octagonal court in its centre, all of granite and all finely carved with inscriptions from the Koran and with flowers. This ended in a ruinous and exceedingly dirty stable-yard! where we were received by Captain Grant, as the Mogul's officer on guard, and by a number of elderly men with large gold-headed canes, the usual ensign of office here and one of which Mr. Elliott also carried. We were now told to dismount and proceed on foot, a task which the late rain made inconvenient to my gown and cassock and thin shoes, and during which we were pestered by a fresh

swarm of miserable beggars, the wives and children of the stable servants. After this we passed another richly-carved but ruinous and dirty gateway, where our guides, withdrawing a canvas screen, called out in a sort of harsh chaunt, 'Lo, the ornament of the world! Lo, the asylum of the nations! King of Kings! The Emperor Acbar Shah! Just, fortunate, victorious!' We saw, in fact, a very handsome and striking court, about as big as that at All Souls, with low but richly-ornamented buildings. Opposite to us was a beautiful open pavilion of white marble, richly carved, flanked by rose-bushes and fountains, and some tapestry and striped curtains hanging in festoons about it, within which was a crowd of people and the poor old descendant of Tamerlane seated in the midst of them. Mr. Elliott here bowed three times very low, in which we followed his example. This ceremony was repeated twice as we advanced up the steps of the pavilion, the heralds each time repeating the same expressions about their master's greatness. We then stood in a row on the right-hand side of the throne, which is a sort of marble bedstead richly ornamented with gilding and raised on two or three steps. Mr. Elliott then stepped forwards, and, with joined hands, in the usual Eastern way, announced, in a low voice, to the emperor, who I was. I then advanced, bowed three times again, and offered a nuzzur of fifty-one gold mohurs in an embroïdered purse, laid on my handkerchief, in the way practised by the Baboos in Calcutta. This was received and laid on one side, and I remained standing for a few minutes, while the usual court questions about my health, my travels, when I left Calcutta, etc., were asked. I had

thus an opportunity of seeing the old gentleman more plainly. He has a pale, thin, but handsome face, with an aquiline nose, and a long white beard. His complexion is little if at all darker than that of an European. His hands are very fair and delicate, and he had some valuable-looking rings on them. His hands and face were all I saw of him, for, the morning being cold, he was so wrapped up in shawls that he reminded me extremely of the Druid's head on a Welsh halfpenny. I then stepped back to my former place, and returned again with five more mohurs to make my offering to the heir-apparent, who stood at his father's left hand, the right being occupied by the resident. Next, my two companions were introduced with nearly the same forms, except that their offerings were less and that the emperor did not speak to them.

The emperor then beckoned to me to come forwards, and Mr. Elliott told me to take off my hat, which had till now remained on my head, on which the emperor tied a flimsy turban of brocade round my head with his own hands, for which, however, I paid four gold mohurs more. We were then directed to retire to receive the 'Khelats' (honorary dresses) which the bounty of the 'Asylum of the World' had provided for us. I was accordingly taken into a small private room, adjoining the zennannah, where I found a handsome flowered caftan edged with fur, and a pair of common-looking shawls, which my servants, who had the delight of witnessing all this fine show, put on instead of my gown, my cassock remaining as before. In this strange dress I had to walk back again, having my name announced by the criers (something in

the same way that Lord Marmion's was) as "Bahadur, Boozoony, Dowlut-Mund,' etc., to the presence, where I found my two companions, who had not been honoured by a private dressing-room, but had their khelats put on them in the gateway of the court. They were, I apprehend, still queerer figures than I was, having their hats wrapped with scarfs of flowered gauze, and a strange garment of gauze, tinsel, and faded ribands flung over their shoulders above their coats. I now again came forward and offered my third present to the emperor, being a copy of the Arabic Bible and the Hindoostanee Common Prayer, handsomely bound in blue velvet laced with gold, and wrapped up in a piece of brocade. He then motioned to me to stoop, and put a string of pearls round my neck, and two glittering but not costly ornaments in the front of my turban, for which I again offered five gold mohurs. It was, lastly, announced that a horse was waiting for my acceptance, at which fresh instance of imperial munificence the heralds again made a proclamation of largesse, and I again paid five gold mohurs. It ended by my taking leave with three times three salaams, making up, I think, the sum of about three score, and I retired with Mr. Elliott to my dressing-room, whence I sent to her Majesty the Queen, as she is generally called, though Empress would be the ancient and more proper title, a present of five mohurs more, and the emperor's chobdar[1] came eagerly up to know when they should attend to receive their buckshish. It must not, however, be supposed that this interchange of civilities was very expensive either to his majesty or to me. All the presents which

1. Bearer of silver mace.

he gave, the horse included, though really the handsomest which had been seen at the court of Delhi for many years, and though the old gentleman evidently intended to be extremely civil, were not worth much more than 300*s*.[1] rupees, so that he and his family gained at least 800*s*. rupees by the morning's work, besides what he received from my two companions, which was all clear gain, since the khelats which they got in return were only fit for May-day, and made up, I fancy, from the cast-off finery of the Begum. On the other hand, since the Company have wisely ordered that all the presents given by native princes to Europeans should be disposed of on the Government account, they have liberally, at the same time, taken on themselves the expense of paying the usual money nuzzurs made by public men on these occasions. In consequence none of my offerings were at my own charge, except the professional and private one of the two books, with which, as they were unexpected, the emperor, as I was told, was very much pleased. I had, of course, several buckshishes to give afterwards to his servants, but these fell considerably short of my expenses at Lucknow. To return to the hall of audience. While in the small apartment where I got rid of my shining garments, I was struck with its beautiful ornaments. It was entirely lined with white marble, inlaid with flowers and leaves of green serpentine, lapis lazuli, and blue and red porphyry; the flowers were of the best Italian style of workmanship, and evidently the labour of an artist of that country. All, however, was dirty, desolate, and forlorn. Half the flowers and leaves had been picked

1. 'Sicca': special coinage.

out or otherwise defaced, and the doors and windows were in a state of dilapidation, while a quantity of old furniture was piled in one corner and a torn hanging of faded tapestry hung over an archway which led to the interior apartments. 'Such,' Mr. Elliott said, 'is the general style in which this palace is kept up and furnished. It is not absolute poverty which produces this, but these people have no idea of cleaning or mending anything.' For my own part I thought of the famous Persian line, 'The spider hangs her tapestry in the palace of the Caesars'; and felt a melancholy interest in comparing the present state of this poor family with what it was 200 years ago, when Bernier visited Delhi, or as we read its palace described in the tale of Madame de Genlis.

After putting on my usual dress, we waited a little, till word was brought us that the 'King of Kings', 'Shah-in-Shah', had retired to his zennannah; we then went to the hall of audience, which I had previously seen but imperfectly, from the crowd of people and the necessity of attending to the forms which I had to go through. It is a very beautiful pavilion of white marble, open on one side to the court of the palace, and on the other to a large garden. Its pillars and arches are exquisitely carved and ornamented with gilt and inlaid flowers and inscriptions in the most elaborate Persian character. Round the frieze is the motto, recorded, I believe, in *Lall Rookh,*

> 'If there be an Elysium on earth,
> It is this, it is this!'

The marble floor, where not covered by carpets, is all inlaid in the same beautiful manner with the little dressing-room which I had quitted.

The gardens, which we next visited, are not large, but, in their way, must have been extremely rich and beautiful. They are full of very old orange and other fruit-trees, with terraces and parterres, on which many rose-bushes were growing, and, even now, a few jonquils in flower. A channel of white marble for water, with little fountain-pipes of the same material, carved like roses, is carried here and there among these parterres, and at the end of the terrace is a beautiful octagonal pavilion, also of marble, lined with the same mosaic flowers as in the room which I first saw, with a marble fountain in its centre, and a beautiful bath in a recess on one of its sides. The windows of this pavilion, which is raised to the height of the city wall, command a good view of Delhi and its neighbourhood. But all was, when we saw it, dirty, lonely, and wretched: the bath and fountain dry; the inlaid pavement hid with lumber and gardener's sweepings; and the walls stained with the dung of birds and bats.

We were then taken to the private mosque of the palace, an elegant little building, also of white marble, and exquisitely carved, but in the same state of neglect and dilapidation, with peepuls allowed to spring from its walls, the exterior gilding partially torn from its dome, and some of its doors coarsely blocked up with unplastered brick and mortar.

We went last to the 'dewanee aum', or hall of public audience, which is in the outer court, and where on certain occasions the Great Mogul sate in state, to receive the compliments or petitions of his subjects. This also is a splendid pavilion of marble, not unlike the other hall of audience in form, but considerably larger and open on

three sides only; on the fourth is a black wall, covered with the same mosaic work of flowers and leaves as I have described, and in the centre a throne raised about ten feet from the ground, with a small platform of marble in front, where the vizier used to stand to hand up petitions to his master. Behind this throne are mosaic paintings of birds, animals, and flowers; and in the centre, what decides the point of their being the work of Italian or at least European artists, a small group of Orpheus playing to the beasts. This hall, when we saw it, was full of lumber of all descriptions, broken palanquins and empty boxes, and the throne so covered with pigeons' dung that its ornaments were hardly discernible. How little did Shahjehan, the founder of these fine buildings, foresee what would be the fate of his descendants, or what his own would be! 'Vanity of Vanities!' was surely never written in more legible characters than on the dilapidated arcades of Delhi!

In the afternoon I went a drive round a part of the city. Its principal streets are really wide, handsome, and, for an Asiatic city, remarkably cleanly, and the shops in the bazaars have a good appearance. The chief street down which we drove is called the 'chandnee chokee', or silversmiths' street, but I did not see any great number of that trade resident there. It is about as wide as Pall Mall, and has a branch of the aqueduct running along its centre. Half-way down its length is a pretty little mosque with three gilt domes, on the porch of which, it is said, Nader Shah sate from morning to evening to see the work of massacre which his army inflicted on the wretched citizens. A gate leading to a bazaar near it retains the

name of 'coonia durwazu', slaughter-gate! The chandnee chokee conducted us to the gate of Lahore, and we went along the exterior of the town to the gate of Cashmere, by which we returned to the Residency. The city wall is lofty and handsome; but, except ruins and sunburnt rocks, there is nothing to be seen without the ramparts of Delhi. The Shelimar gardens, extolled in *Lalla Rookh,* are completely gone to decay. Yet I am assured by everybody that the appearance of things in the province of Delhi is greatly improved since it came into our hands! To what a state must the Maharattas have reduced it!

January 1.—We went to see Koottab-sahib,[1] a small town about twelve miles south-west of Delhi, remarkable for its ruins, and, among the Mussulmans, for its sanctity. It was the scene of very hard fighting between the Hindoo sovereigns of Indraput and the original Patan invaders, and the Mussulmans say that 5,000 martyrs to their religion lie interred in the neighbourhood. Its principal sanctity, however, arises from the tomb of a very celebrated saint, Cutteeb Sahib, in whose honour the buildings for which it is now remarkable were begun but never quite completed by Shumsedd, the third, I think, in succession of the Patan sovereigns. The emperor has a house there, and it is a favourite retreat of his during fine weather.

We went out at the Agra gate, and rode through the same dismal field of tombs as we had formerly traversed,

1. The saint's name was Khwaja Kutb-ud-din of Ush. Altamsh (Shams-ud-din), (1214-36), is believed to have built the Kutb Minar and mosque. Behind the mosque is the tomb of Altamsh.

escorted by three of Skinner's horse. Before we had cleared the ruins, another body of fifteen or twenty wild-looking horse, some with long spears, some with match-locks and matches lighted, galloped up from behind a large tomb, and their leader, dropping the point of his lance, said that he was sent by the Raja of Bullumghur,[1] 'the fort of spears', to conduct me through his district. We had no need of this further escort; but, as it was civilly intended, I, of course, took it civilly, and we went on together to a beautiful mausoleum, about five miles further, raised in honour of Sufter Jung,[2] an ancestor of the King of Oude, who still keeps up his tomb and the garden round it in good repair. We did not stop here, however, but proceeded on elephants, which Mr. Elliott had stationed for us, leaving our horses under the care of the Bullumghur suwarrs, of whom and their raja we were afterwards to see a good deal. Our route lay over a country still rocky and barren, and still sprinkled with tombs and ruins, till, on ascending a little eminence, we saw one of the most extensive and striking scenes of ruin which I have met with in any country. A very tolerable account of it is given in Hamilton's *India*, and I will only observe that the Cuttab Minar, the object of principal attraction, is really the finest tower I have ever seen, and must, when its spire was complete, have been still more beautiful. The remaining great arches of the

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1. Ballabgarh, a Jat principality near Delhi, confiscated to the British power after 1857.

2. The Persian governor of Oudh: became wazir under the Delhi government in 1748: withdrew to Oudh after contests with the Turani party and the Maharattas.

principal mosque, with their granite pillars, covered with inscriptions in the florid Cufic character, are as fine, in their way, as any of the details of York Minster. In front of the principal of these great arches is a metal pillar[1] like that in Firoze Shah's castle, and several other remains of a Hindoo palace and temple, more ancient than the foundation of the Koottab, and which I should have thought striking, if they had not been in such a neighbourhood. A multitude of ruined mosques, tombs, serais, etc., are packed close round, mostly in the Patan style of architecture, and some of them very fine. One, more particularly, on a hill and surrounded by a wall with battlements and towers, struck me as peculiarly suited by its solid and simple architecture to its blended character, in itself very appropriate to the religion of Islam, of fortress, tomb, and temple. These Patans built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers. Yet the ornaments, florid as they are in their proper places, are never thrown away, or allowed to interfere with the general severe and solemn character of their edifices. The palace of the present imperial family is at some little distance behind these remains. It is a large but paltry building, in a bad style of Italian architecture, and with a public road actually leading through its court-yard. A little beyond and amid some other small houses, near a very fine tank, we alighted at rather a pretty little building,

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1. 'This wonderful iron pillar, originally erected somewhere else, perhaps at Mathura in the fourth century, seems to have been moved and set up in its present position by the Tomara chief in the middle of the eleventh century. It is a mass of wrought iron nearly 24 feet in length and estimated to weigh more than six tons.'—Vincent Smith.

belonging to Bukshi Mahmoud Khan, the treasurer of the palace, where a room and a good breakfast were prepared for us.

After breakfast, the day being cool and rather cloudy, we went to see the ruins, and remained clambering about and drawing till near two o'clock. The staircase within the great Minar is very good, except the uppermost story of all which is ruinous and difficult of access. I went up, however, and was rewarded by the very extensive view, from a height of 240 feet, of Delhi, the course of the Jumna for many miles, and the ruins of Toghlikabad,[1] another giantly Patan foundation, which lay to the south-west.

We returned in the evening to Delhi, stopping by the way to see Sufter Jung's tomb. It is very richly inlaid with different kinds of marble, but has too much of the colour of potted meat to please me, particularly after seeing buildings like those of Koottab-sahib. We were received here, to my surprise, by the son of Baboo Soobin-Chund, who is, it seems, the agent of the King of Oude in Delhi, and, consequently has the keeping of this place entrusted to him.

Lucknow

October 21, 1824.—At length, and sooner than we expected, we saw a considerable 'suwarree', or retinue of elephants and horses, approaching us, and were met by Captain Salmon and the King of Oude's officer, the latter followed by a train of elephants splendidly equipped with

1. This was the New Delhi of 1321, built by the Tuglaks.

silver howdahs, and sufficient to accommodate more than three times the number of our party. A good many suwarrs, in red and yellow, followed Captain Salmon, and a most irregular and picturesque body of infantry, with swords and shields, long matchlock guns, and other guns of every sort and size, spears like spits, composed, sheath and all, of iron, and some silvered over, large triangular green banners, and everything most unlike the appearance of European war, made up the cortege of Meer Hussun Khan. The whole formed a stage procession of the most interesting and showy kind, in which there was no regularity and little real magnificence, for the dresses of the men and trappings of the elephants were all the worse for wear, and the silver howdahs did not bear a close examination, but where flowing and picturesque dresses, glowing colours, numbers, and the majestic size of the noble animals which form the most prominent part of the group, produced an effect more pleasing to the eye of a poet or an artist than the sprucest parade of an English review.

While I was changing elephants, a decent-looking man stepped up to me and begged to know my name and titles at full length, in order, as he said, 'to make a report of them to the asylum of the world.' I found, on inquiry that he was the writer of the court circular, a much more minute task and one considered of far more importance here than in Europe. Everything which occurs in the family of the king himself, the resident, the chief officers of state, or any stranger of rank who may arrive, is carefully noted and sent round in writing. And I was told that the exact hour at which I rose, the sort of

breakfast I ate, the visits I paid or received, and the manner in which I passed my morning, would all be retailed by the king's chobdars for the information of their master, whose own most indifferent actions, however, are with equal fairness written down for Mr. Rickett's inspection.

We advanced into Lucknow, through a very considerable population and crowded mean houses of clay, with the filthiest lanes between them that I ever went through, and so narrow that we were often obliged to reduce our front and even a single elephant did not always pass very easily. A swarm of beggars occupied every angle and the steps of every door, and all, or nearly all, the remaining population were, to my surprise, as much loaded with arms as the inhabitants of the country, a circumstance which told ill for the police of the town but added considerably to its picturesque effect. Grave men in palanquins, counting their beads and looking like Moullahs, had all two or three sword-and-buckler lackeys attending on them. People of more consequence, on their elephants, had each a suwarree of shield, spear, gun, little inferior to that by which we were surrounded. and even lounging people of lower ranks in the streets and shop-doors had their shields over their shoulders and their swords carried sheathed in one hand.

I recollected Sir W. Scott's picture of the streets of London in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, but I should apprehend that Lucknow offered this moment a more warlike exterior than our own metropolis ever did during its most embroiled and troublesome periods. As we advanced, the town began to improve in point of buildings, though the

streets remained equally narrow and dirty. We passed some pretty mosques and some large houses, built like the native houses in Calcutta, and the bazaars seemed well filled, so far as we could distinguish from the height at which I sat and the general narrowness of the area. At last we suddenly entered a very handsome street indeed, wider than the High Street at Oxford, but having some distant resemblance to it in the colour of its buildings, and the general form and Gothic style of the greater part of them. We saw but little of it, however, as we immediately turned up through some folding-gates into a sort of close, with good-looking houses and small gardens round it, and a barrack and guard-house at its entrance. One of these houses I was told belonged to the resident, another was his banqueting-house, containing apartments for his guests, and a third very pretty upper-roomed house in a little garden was pointed out as that which the king had assigned to receive me and my party.

After breakfast I was told the prime-minister was come to call on me, and Mr. Ricketts introduced us to each other in form. He is a dark, harsh, hawked-nosed man, with an expression of mouth which seems to imply habitual self-command struggling with a naturally rough temper. He is, I understand, exceedingly unpopular. He was originally khansaman[1] to the present king, when heir apparent and in disgrace with his father, Saadut Ali. His house is the most splendid in Lucknow, and his suwarree exceeds that of the king, who is said to be so attached to him as to have given himself entirely into his hands.

1. Steward.

The king very good-naturedly sent an elephant every morning for Mr. Lushington and myself, and a chariot for the Corries, that we might see the sights of Lucknow to more advantage. There is a menagerie, with a greater number of scarce and curious animals, but in far worse order, than that at Barrackpoor; and on the other side of the river Goomty, in a well wooded park, is a large collection of different varieties of cows, camels, and deer, and five or six very large rhinoceroses, the first animals of the kind I ever saw, and of which I found that prints and drawings had given me a very imperfect conception. They are more bulky animals and of a darker colour than I had supposed, and the thickness of the folds of their impenetrable skin much surpasses all which I had expected. These at Lucknow are gentle and quiet animals, except that one of them has a feud with horses. They seem to propagate in captivity without reluctance, and I should conceive might be available to carry burthens as well as the elephant, except that, as their pace is still slower than his, their use could only be applicable to very great weights and very gentle travelling. These have sometimes had howdahs on them, and were once fastened in a carriage, but only as an experiment which was never followed up. There is, on the same side of the river, a poultry-yard of beautiful pigeons; and on the river itself is a steam-boat, a vessel fitted up like a brig of war, and other things which show the king to be fond of mechanical inventions. He has, indeed, a very skilful mechanist, an English officer, in his service, and is himself said to know more of the science and of the different branches of philosophy connected with it than could be expected in a person who understands no European language.

The minister's house is a very large pile of building in a bad part of the town, and both in architecture and situation a good deal resembling the house of the Mullich family in Calcutta. There are many stately khans,[1] and some handsome mosques and pagodas scattered in different corners of these wretched alleys, but the most striking buildings in Lucknow are the tombs of the late Nawab Saadut Ali and the mother of the present king, the gate of Constantinople ('Roumi Durwazu'), and the 'Imambara', or cathedral. The Imambara consists of two courts, rising with a steep ascent one above the other. It contains, besides a splendid mosque, a college for instruction in Mussalman Law, apartments for the religious establishment maintained here, and a noble gallery, in the midst of which, under a brilliant tabernacle of silver, cut-glass, and precious stones, lie buried the remains of its founder, Asuphud Dowlah.[2] The whole is in a very noble style of Eastern Gothic, and, when taken in conjunction with the Roumi Durwazu which adjoins it, I have never seen an architectural view which pleased me more from its richness and variety as well as the proportions and general good taste of its principal features. The details a good deal resemble those of Eaton, but the extent is much greater and the parts larger. On the whole it is, perhaps, most like the Kremlin, but both in splendour and taste my old favourite falls very short of it. Close to this fine group is a large and

1. Resting-places by the wayside.

2. The rapacious and cruel Nawab of Oude, who was concerned with Warren Hastings in the affair of the Begams of Oude.

handsome, but dull and neglected-looking pile, which is the palace or prison appropriated to the unfortunate widows and concubines of deceased sovereigns.

A Lucknow Story[1]

Many whimsical stories are current in Lucknow, respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor king, and the rascality of his favourite. His fondness for mechanics has been already mentioned.

In trying some experiments of this nature, he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word, 'if he were wise to leave Lucknow.' The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on enquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera, ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. During the last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood; he was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw into shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling and with joined hands to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board,

1. From the *Life and Letters of Bishop Heber,* by his wife.

returned in high anger to Lucknow, and, calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. 'Undoubtedly!' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada!'[1] said the king, bursting into a fury, 'look there, and never see my face more!' The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then, turning round again to his master, stopping his nose and with many muttered exclamations of, 'God be merciful!' 'Satan is strong!' 'In the name of God keep the devil from me!' he said, 'I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?' 'Touch him!' said the king, 'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.' 'Istufirullah!'[2] said the favourite, 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?' The king still stormed, but his voice faltered and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain (refuge of the world)' resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his

1. Rascal.
2. God forbid!

grave; it may be when that is opened he may enter it again peaceably.' The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that 'if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning,—if he ever trod the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed.' This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses.

Jyepoor

January 29, 1825.—This morning Colonel Raper took me to see the city and palace, as well as to present me in Durbar. The city[1] is a very remarkable and striking one. Being all the work of one sovereign, Jye Singh, it is on a regular plan, with one very wide street crossed at right angles by three others, with a square in the centre of the town which serves as a market-place. The houses are generally two stories high, but some three and four, with ornamented windows and balconies, and many of them finely carved. They are interspersed with some handsome temples in the same style with those of Benares, and, in the centre of the town and adjoining the palace, is a very noble tower or minaret of, I should suppose, 200 feet high. The town is tolerably clean, but a great part of the houses are in a state of decay. Still, however, it has a population of 60,000 souls. The palace, with its gardens, occupies about one-sixth part of the city. It presents to the streets an extremely high front of seven

1. Built in 1728.

or eight stories, diminishing in the centre to something like a pediment, and flanked by two towers of equal height topped with open cupolas. Within are two spacious courts and many smaller ones, surrounded by cloisters of stone pillars, except in the verandahs leading to the principal rooms, which are of marble. The gardens, which I was first taken to see, are extensive, and, in their way, extremely beautiful, full of fountains, cypresses, palm-trees, and flowering shrubs, with a succession of terraces and alcoves, none of them, singly taken, in good taste, but all together extremely rich and striking. Two very large and handsome tanks terminate the grounds towards the north. The garden is surrounded by a high embattled wall, having a terrace at the top like that of Chester, and beneath it a common passage (as one of the ministers of state, who accompanied us, told me) for the zennana to walk in. I was introduced to some of these ministers, or 'sirdars', during my progress through the palace, under their several official names of 'Monchtar', 'Bukshee', etc., etc. Most of them were tall, good-looking men, in very handsome and becoming dresses. The whole establishment of the palace and gardens seemed well kept up, considerably better than that of Lucknow, and everything much exceeded my expectation except the military show, which was absolutely nothing. There were two or three policemen in the gate of the city, and four or five (I do not think there were more) lounging fellows with shields slung over their shoulders and lances lying near them, in different parts of the out-buildings. I was surprised at so poor a muster among the warlike and turbulent Rajpoots, but recollected that in a country where every citizen and cultivator is a soldier, on ordinary

occasions every soldier will be a cultivator or citizen. The ascents throughout the palace are not by stairs, but by inclined planes of very easy slope, and certainly less fatiguing than the European style. The passages are all narrow and mean, and the object in the whole building seems more to surprise by the number, the intricacy, and detail of the rooms and courts, than by any apartments of large size and magnificent proportions. A great part of the windows are glazed with small panes of stained or plain glass in latticed frames of white marble. The stained glass was said to be from Venice. These upper rooms, which are in fact a part of the zennana, have their floors chiefly covered with stuffed white cotton quilts, over which, in certain places, sitringees[1] are placed, and, in the more costly rooms, small Persian carpets. There are very strong wooden doors in different parts of the building whose hinges and locks are as rude as those of a prison, but the suites of apartments themselves are only divided by large striped curtains hung over the arched doorways. The ceilings are generally low, and the rooms dark and close; both the walls and ceilings are, however, splendidly carved and painted, and some of the former are entirely composed of small looking-glasses in fantastic frames of chunam mixed with talc, which have the appearance of silver till closely examined. The subjects of the paintings are almost entirely mythological, and their style of colouring, their attitudes, and the general gloomy silence and intricacy of the place reminded me frequently of Belzoni's[2] model of the Egyptian tomb.

1. Tent carpets.

2. A distinguished traveller and Egyptian explorer (1774-1823): he excavated in Egypt and on the shores of the Red Sea.

After a long suite of these strange rooms, we were taken into a very striking and beautiful apartment where breakfast was prepared for us. It was a small pavilion with arches on either side, opening into two small cloistered courts, the one filled by a beautiful cold bath about thirty feet square, the other by a little flower garden divided, parterre-wise, with narrow winding paths of white marble, with a jet d'eau in every winding, to the number, I should think, of fifteen or twenty, which remained playing all the while we were at breakfast. Nothing could be prettier or more refreshing than the sight and sound of these tiny fountains, though I did not think the effect improved when all at once several principal ones began to throw up water tinged with some yellow dye. It was evidently much admired by the natives, and reminded me of 'the golden water', which together with the 'the talking bird' and the 'singing tree', cost the princess in the Arabian tale so many labours to obtain. For our breakfast Colonel Raper had sent the usual requisites, but the 'Maha-Rannee', or 'Majee' (lady mother), as she is also called, sent us some specimens of Hindoo cookery . .

After breakfast, and till the hour of durbar arrived, we visited more of the buildings. In passing along the garden wall, I ought to have observed before, we were shewn five or six elephants in training for a fight. Each was separately kept in a small paved court, with a little litter, but very dirty. . . . . .

The other apartments through which we were conducted nearly resembled those we had seen before breakfast. We had, however, a noble panoramic view of the town from the top of the palace. Indeed I have seen few places

of which a finer panorama might be made. From thence we returned to a lower court, in the centre of which, raised by a few steps, is a noble open pavilion, with marble pillars richly carved, rather inferior in size, but in other respects fully equal to the hall of audience in the castle of Delhi. The interior contains an oblong vaulted hall, surrounded by a very spacious verandah, and its pavement covered with sitringees and carpets, where we found all the ministers whom I have already mentioned, and some others, seated in a semi-circle.

The Rajas of Jyepoor were for a long time the most wealthy and powerful of all the Rajpoot states. Their territory is still the largest, and their revenue used to be reckoned at a crore of rupees (at the present rate of exchange less than a million pounds sterling) annually. They were generally on pretty good terms with the Emperors of Delhi, and though nominally vassals they always preserved a state of real independence of their authority. The Maharatta conquests blighted all their prosperity; the Raja was so much weakened as to lose all authority over his own Thakoors;[1] twenty or thirty lacs was the whole amount of his own revenue, and this was growing less under the almost annual scourge of the Pindarries, of Jeswunt Row Holcar, and, above all, of his General Ameer Khan.[2] Even before the conquest of Lord

1. Lords, barons.

2. The *Pindaris* date from the break-up of the Moghul empire. They were freebooters, of all nationalities, and were in close alliance with the Mahratta chiefs. Their ravages in Rajputana and Central India were ended, in 1817, by a campaign of Lord Hastings. *Jeswant Row,* founder of the house of Holkar, was an able general under the Peshwa. He was a fierce freebooter and

Hastings, the late Raja of Jeypoor had, as it is said, shewn great anxiety to obtain the protection of Britain, but, from the jarring members of which his state is composed, it was one of the last which in any regular way acceded to the confederacy, the Thakoors keeping close in their castles like feudal chiefs, alike averse to any interference either of our Government or their own, and chiefly occupied in making war on each other, leading plundering parties into the neighbouring states, and picking the bones which more potent devourers left behind. The principality was, in fact, in a state of anarchy as wretched and as bloody as Circassia at the present day, or England in the time of Ivanhoe, with the additional misery that foreign invaders were added to domestic feudal tyrants. This anarchy has never yet been completely put a stop to in the remoter provinces, but it had in the greater part of the kingdom been materially abated by British arms and influence. The country had become safe to travel through, the peasants slept in their beds in peace, the Thakoors began to come to court again and pay their tribute, and the revenue had greatly improved, when the Raja died, five or six years ago, leaving no son.

January 31.—I went this morning . . . to Umeer,[1] the ancient capital of this principality till Jye Singh[2] built

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kept the field persistently against the British in the third Mahratta War (1802-4). In 1817 he was defeated at Mehidpur. *Ameer Khan,* most powerful of the Pindari captains, with an organized army of many regiments and several batteries of cannon

1. Mistake for 'Amber' from Ambikeshwara (Siva).

2. In the 18th century: the capital had been established at Amber in the 12th century.

the present city in the plain. We passed through the principal streets of Jeypoor, being joined at the palace gate by two of the ministers whom I had met there the Saturday before, and one of whom was Killedar[1] of the place which we were going to visit. The Rajpoots are not such shewy figures on horseback as the Mussalmans or even the Jats; these men rode well, however, and had fine horses, which, with their long red shawls, sabres, and flowing robes, as well as their numerous attendants, made up a striking picture.

We passed together through the opposite gate of the city, the uniformity of which throughout is very striking. My companions told me that it was laid out in quarters, or wards, according to the rules of the shaster;[2] one being for the Thakoors, another for the Brahmins, a third for the ordinary Rajpoots, a fourth for the caste of Kayts,[3] or writers, a fifth for the Bunyans, or traders, and a sixth for the Gaowalas, or cow-keepers, while the seventh is occupied by the palace. After leaving the city we proceeded by a wide sandy road, through a succession of gardens and garden-houses, some of the latter of which were very handsome, to the banks of a large lake, covered with water fowl, and with a small island in the midst on which were the ruins of a palace. The mere supplies the stream which we had passed in our way up the ghat; it has on this side every appearance of being a natural sheet of water; its banks are more woody and

1. Governor of a fort.

2. Scriptures.

3. Kayasthas: originally Kshatriyas.

wild than anything which I had seen since I left Kemaoon,[1] and the steep and rugged road by which we ascended the hill beyond it, contributed to raise my expectation of a beautiful view from the top.

This road led us through an ancient gatewa; in an embattled and turretted wall which connected the two hills, like that which I described on the other side of Jyepoor, and within we found a street like that also, of temples and old buildings of he same character, one of which was pointed out to me as a shrine whither the young Raja is carried weekly to pay his devotions, and another as the house where he puts up his horses and reposes on such occasions. Beyond was a still steeper ascent to a second gate, which introduced us to a very wild and romantic valley, with a small lake at the bottom,—the cress of the hills on either side crowned with walls and towers, their lower parts all rock and wood interspersed with ruined buildings; in front, and on the margin of the lake, a small ruinous town, overgrown with trees, and intermingled with towers and temples, and over it, but a little to the left hand, a noble old fortified palace, connected by a long line of wall and tower with a very large castle on the highest part of the hill. We now descended the ghat by a similar road to that which had conducted us thither, among some fine old trees, fragments of rock, and thickets of thorny underwood, till we reached the town which almost entirely consisted of temples, and had few inhabitants but grim and ghastly Yogis, with their hair in elf knots and their faces covered with chalk, sitting naked and hideous, like so many

1. In the Himalayas.

ghoules, amid the tombs and ruined houses. A narrow winding street led us through these abodes of superstition, under a dark shade of peepul-trees, till we found ourselves on another steep ascent paved with granite and leading to the palace. We wound along the face of the hill, through, I think, three gothic gateways, alighted in a large moss-grown quadrangle surrounded by what seemed to be barracks and stables, and followed our guides up a broad and long flight of steps, through another richly ornamented gateway, into the interior courts of the building, which contain one very noble hall of audience, a pretty little garden with fountains, and a long succession of passages, cloisters, alcoves, and small and intricate apartments, many of them extremely beautiful, and enjoying from their windows, balconies, and terraces one of the most striking prospects which can be conceived. The carving in stone and marble, and the inlaid flowers and ornaments in some of these apartments, are equal to those at Delhi and Agra, and only surpassed by the beauties of the Tage-mahal. My companions, none of whom had visited Umeer before, all declared that, as a whole, it was superior to the castle of Delhi. For myself, I have seen many royal palaces containing larger and more stately rooms; many, the architecture of which was in a purer taste; and some which have covered a greater extent of ground, (though in *this*, if the fortress on the hill be included, Umeer will rank, I think, above Windsor),—but for varied and picturesque effect, for richness of carving, for wild beauty of situation, for the number and romantic singularity of the apartments, and the strangeness of finding such a building in such a

place and country, I am able to compare nothing with Umeer; and this, too, was the work of Jye Singh! The ornaments are in the same style, though in a better taste, than those of his palace at Jyepoor, and the size and number of the apartments are also similar. A greater use has been made of stained glass here, or else, from the inaccessible height of the windows, the glass remained in better preservation. The building is in good repair, but has a solitary and deserted aspect; and as our guide, with his bunch of keys, unlocked one iron-clenched door after another, and led us over terraces and up towers, down steep, dark, sloping passages, and through a long succession of little silent courts and dim vaulted chambers, seen only through coloured glass and made more gorgeously gloomy by their carving, gilding, and mirrors, the idea of an enchanted castle occurred, I believe, to us all; and I could not help thinking what magnificent use Ariosto or Sir Walter Scott would have made of such a building. After all we saw only part of it. Higher up the hill was another grim-looking ward, with few external windows, but three or four elegantly carved kiosks projecting from its roof, and a few cypresses peeping over its walls, which they said was the Zennanah, and not allowed to be seen; and above this again, but communicating by a succession of gates and turrets, was the castle which I have mentioned, grimmer and darker still, with high towers and machicollated battlements, with a very few ornamented windows, many narrow loop-holes, and one tall minaret rising above the whole cluster. The interior of this, of course, was not shewn; indeed, it is what the government of Jyepoor considers as their last resource. The public

treasure used to be laid up here; and here, it is said, are many state prisoners, whose number is likely to be increased if the present rule continues.

On returning to the stable-yard, our conductor asked us if we wished to see the temple. I answered of course 'anything more that was to be seen', and he turned short and led us some little distance up the citadel, then through a dark low arch into a small court, where, to my surprise, the first object which met my eyes was a pool of blood on the pavement, by which a naked man stood with a bloody sword in his hand. The scenes through which we had passed were so romantic that my fancy had almost been wound up to expect an adventure, and I felt, I confess, for an instant my hand instinctively clench more firmly a heavy Hindoostanee whip I had with me, the butt end of which would, as a last resource, have been no despicable weapon. The guide, however, at the same instant, cautioned me against treading in the blood, and told me that a goat was sacrificed here every morning. In fact a second glance showed me the headless body of the poor animal lying before the steps of a small shrine, apparently of Kali. The Brahmin was officiating and tinkling his bell, but it was plain to see, from the embarrassment of our guide, that we had intruded at an unlucky moment, and we therefore merely cast our eyes round the court without going nearer to the altar and its mysteries. The guide told us in our way back that the tradition was that in ancient times a man was sacrificed here every day; that the custom had been laid aside till Jye Singh had a frightful dream, in which the destroying power appeared to him and asked him why her image was suffered to be

dry? The Raja, afraid to disobey, and reluctant to fulfil the requisition to its ancient extent of horror, took counsel and substituted a goat for the human victim with which the

> Dark goddess of the azure flood,
> Whose robes are wet with infant tears,
> Scull-chaplet wearer, whom the blood
> Of man delights three thousand years,

was graciously pleased to be contented.

We were now taken down the hill, outside the fortifications, to some baths and summer-houses on the banks of the lake, which I should have thought pretty if they had not been much inferior to what I had already seen, and we crossed the lake by a narrow bridge, from the further end of which I made an attempt to sketch the view. Here our horses met us, and we returned home all highly gratified, and myself not a little surprised that a place so curious and interesting should be so little known, not merely in Europe but in India.

NATURAL SCENERY

THE HIMALAYAS

November 18, 1824.—We had a first view of the range of the Himalaya, indistinctly seen through the haze, but not so indistinctly as to conceal the general form of the mountains. The nearer hills are blue, and in outline and tints resemble pretty closely, at this distance, those which close in the vale of Clwyd. Above these rose what might, in the present unfavourable atmosphere, have been taken for clouds, had not their seat been so stationary and their outline so harsh and pyramidical, the patriarchs of the continent, perhaps the surviving ruins of a former world, white and glistening as alabaster, and even at this distance of, probably, one hundred and fifty miles, towering above the nearer and secondary range, as much as these last (though said to be seven thousand six hundred feet high) are above the plain on which we were standing. I felt intense delight and awe in looking on them, but the pleasure lasted not many minutes, the clouds closed in again, as on the fairy castle of St. John, and left us but the former grey, cold horizon, girding in the green plain of Rohilcund, and broken only by scattered tufts of peepul and mangoe-trees.

November 19.—This morning we went seven coss[1] to Sheesghur, over a worse cultivated country than the last day's stage, and one which had evidently suffered much

1. A coss is about two miles.

from want of rain. On leaving our encampment we forded the river Bhagool, and afterwards, once or twice, fell in, during our march, with its windings. At last, soon after the sun rose and just as we had reached a small rising ground, the mist rolled away and showed us again the Himalaya, distinct and dark, with the glorious icy mountains towering in a clear blue sky, above the nearer range. There were four of these, the names of three of which Mr. Boulderson knew, Bhadrinath, Kedar Nath, and the peak above the source of the Ganges, the Meru of Hindoo fable.[1] The fourth, to the extreme right, he did not know, and I could not find it in Arrowsmith's map. Bhadrinath, he told me, is reckoned the highest. From hence, however, it is not the most conspicuous of the four. That we saw the snowy peaks at all, considering their distance, and that mountains twice as high as Snowdon intervened, is wonderful. I need hardly say that I wished for my wife to share the sight with me. But I thought of Tandah and the Terrai, and felt, on recollection, that I should have probably been in considerable uneasiness, if she and the children had been to pass the intervening inhospitable country.

Sheeshghur is a poor village, on a trifling elevation, which is conspicuous in this level country. It has a ruinous fort on its summit, and altogether, with the great surrounding flat and the blue hills behind it, put me in mind of some views of Rhuddlan. The Clwydian chain, indeed, is not crowned by such noble pinnacles as Bhadrinath and Gangotree, but I could not help feeling now, and I felt it still more when I began to attempt to commit the

1. According to Hindu fable, Meru is the centre of the earth.

prospect to paper, that the awe and wonder which I experienced were of a very complex character, and greatly detached from the simple act of vision. The eye is, by itself and without some objects to form a comparison, unable to judge of such heights at such a distance. Carneth Llewellyn and Snowdon, at certain times in the year, make really as good a picture as the mountains now before me: and the reason that I am so much more impressed with the present view, is partly the mysterious idea of awful and inaccessible remoteness attached to the Indian Caucasus, the centre of earth,

> 'Its Altar, and its Cradle, and its Throne';

and still more the knowledge derived from books, that the objects now before me are really among the greatest earthly works of the Almighty Creator's hands,—the highest spots below the moon and out-topping, by many hundred feet, the summit of Cotopasi and Chimborazo.

The only satisfaction to be derived from a journey through such a country is to look steadily at the mountains beyond it, which increase, as we advance, in apparent magnitude and beauty. The snowy peaks, indeed, are less and less distinguishable; but the nearer range uses into a dignity and grandeur which I by no means was prepared for, and is now clearly seen to be itself divided into several successive ridges, with all the wildest and most romantic forms of ravine, forest, crag and precipice. They are now perceptibly and obviously, even to the eye, the highest mountains I ever saw sufficiently near to judge of them. There may be some peaks of the Norwegian Alps, such as Dovre and Fille Fiel, and there are, as is,

I believe, ascertained, some points of Caucasus which considerably surpass them and take a middle place between them and the giants in their rear, but the general chain of Norwegian hills, so far as I can recollect, does not equal these now before me; and the white peaks of Caucasus I saw only from a great distance. Notwithstanding the height, however, of this secondary chain of the Himalaya, I could see no snow on it, but Mr. Boulderson assured me that in a few weeks more it would be pretty plentifully powdered, and the probability was that even now I should have some showers of snow in my passage. On the northern side of the hills he had known snow lie till the latter end of May, when nothing could be more strange and sudden than the change in the feelings of a traveller descending from those regions to the hot winds and fiery furnace of the plains.

November 25.—This morning we began to pack by four o'clock, but, owing to the restiveness of the mules and the clumsiness of the people, divers accidents occurred, the most serious of which was the bursting of one of the petarrahs.[1] At length we got off and, after coasting the lake for one mile, went for about thirteen more by a more steep and rugged road, over the neck of Mount Gaughur, through a succession of glens, forests, and views of the most sublime and beautiful description. I never saw such prospects before, and had formed no adequate idea of such. My attention was completely strained and my eyes filled with tears; everything around was so wild and magnificent that man appeared as nothing and I felt myself as if climbing the steps of the altar of God's great

1. Wicker baskets.

temple. The trees, as we advanced, were in a large proportion fir and cedar, but many were ilex, and to my surprise I still saw, even in these Alpine tracts, many venerable peepul trees, on which the white monkeys were playing their gambols. A monkey is also found in these hills as large as a large dog, if my guides are to be believed. Tigers used to be very common and mischievous, but since the English have frequented the country are scarce and in comparison very shy. There are also many wolves and bears, and some chamois, two of which passed near us. My sepoys wanted me to shoot one, and offered with my leave to do so themselves if I did not like the walk which would be necessary. But my people would not have eaten them. I myself was well supplied with provisions, and I did not wish to destroy an innocent animal merely for the sake of looking at it a little closer; I therefore told them it was not my custom to kill anything which was not mischievous, and asked if they would stand by me if we saw a tiger or a bear. They promised eagerly not to fail me, and I do not think they would have broken their words.

After winding up

...a wild romantic chasm that slanted
Down the steep hill, athwart a cedar cover,
A savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover,

we arrived at the gorge of the pass, in an indent between the two principal summits of Mount Gaughur, near 8,600

feet above the sea. And now the snowy mountains, which had been so long eclipsed, opened on us in full magnificence.

Nundidevi was immediately opposite, Kedar Nath was not visible from our present situation, and Meru only seen as a very distant single peak. The eastern mountains, however, for which I have obtained no name, rose into great consequence, and were very glorious objects as we wound down the hill on the other side. The guides could only tell me that 'they were a great way off, and bordered on the Chinese empire'. They are I suppose in Thibet.

Bhadrinath is a famous place of pilgrimage for the Hindoos. The Khasya guide, however, said that the temple was considerably on this side the snow, which last none but the deotas[1] had visited before the 'Sahib Log' (Europeans) came into the country. Mr. Traill has ascended a considerable way up it. Almorah, I was told, might be seen from hence; the hill on which it stands they made me see, I believe, but I could not distinguish any houses. On Mount Gaughur I found the first ice which I have come in contact with. The little streams on the northern side of the hill had all a thin crust on them: and the hoar-frost in one or two places, made the path so slippery that I thought it best to dismount from the pony. Indeed, though the sun was already high and I was warmly dressed, a walk down the hill to our halting-place at Ramghur was by no means unpleasant.

1. Gods.

Across The Western Ghats

June 27, 1825.—I set out to-day on a journey into the Deckan. Having sent off our horses and servants the preceding morning, we embarked in a small boat with lateen sails and stood across the arm of the sea which divides Bombay from the continent. We went N.E. with a fine breeze, a distance of twenty or twenty-two miles, passing Butcher's Island and Elephanta to our left, and in about four hours arrived in a small river on which stands the town of Panwellee. Its bed is much choked with rocks; and, being a little too early for the tide, we were delayed and found some difficulty in our progress, and were at length obliged to go on shore in a small canoe, the narrowest which I had yet seen and cut out of a single tree. This landed us on a pretty good stone pier, beyond which we found a small-sized country town, with a pagoda, a handsome tomb of a Mussalman saint, and a pretty, quiet view of the surrounding hills and woods. We found a comfortable bungalow, built and kept up by Government for the accommodation of travellers, and two taverns, one kept by a Portuguese, the other by a Parsee, the latter of whom, at a very short notice, procured us a dinner, at least as well got up, as cleanly, and as good, as could have been expected at a country inn in England.

After dinner we set out in palanquins, in heavy rain, which lasted all night, and went twelve miles to Chowkee, where we found another bungalow and another decent Parsee tavern, at the latter of which we remained some hours, while our bearers rested, so as to enable them to

carry us on the next stage. The Parsee tavern-keeper of Chowkee furnished us with tea, and sofas, which serve very well as beds on occasion.

At two o'clock in the morning we again set off, and, after some delay and difficulty in fording rivers, arrived about six at a very pretty village, named Capoolee, with a fine tank and temple of Maha-Deo, built by the celebrated Maharatta minister, Nana Furnaveez.[1] The road all the way was excellent, made at a great expense, more than sufficiently wide, and well raised above the low swampy level of the Concan. The journey was to me, however, sufficiently unpleasant. I cannot sleep in a palanquin; the rain beat in through the front blinds, which could never be perfectly closed, and through the side doors, which I was obliged to open occasionally for want of air; and the wearisome darkness of the night, and the dismal grunting of my bearers, who, as a matter of custom rather than from any inability to bear their burden, trot on with much the same sort of noise, but deeper and more plaintive, which the paviors make in England, made me renew an old resolution, to have in future as little to do with palanquins as possible, at least in the night time.

From Capoolee, though it was still raining, I walked up the Bhor Ghat, four miles and a half, to Candaulah, the

1. Head of the Council of Regency that, after the murder of Narayana Rao in 1773, supported the claims of his child to the Peshwaship: received a French ambassador: fought the first Mahratta War, inflicting severe disaster on the British: agreed to the Treaty of Salbai, ceding Bassein to the British and Broach to Sindia: defeated the Nizam in 1795 at the battle of Kurdla: died in 1800.

road still broad and good, but the ascent very steep, so much so, indeed, that a loaded carriage, or even a palanquin with anybody in it, could with great difficulty be forced along it. In fact, every one either walks or rides up the hills, and all merchandise is conveyed on bullocks or horses. The ascent might, I think, have been rendered, by an able engineer, much more easy. But to have carried a road over these hills at all, considering how short a time they have been in our power, is highly creditable to the Bombay Government; and the road, as it now stands, with all its inconveniences, is probably sufficient for the intercourse which either is, or is likely to be, between the Concan and the Deckan.

The views offered from different parts of this ascent are very beautiful, and much reminded me of some parts of the vale of Corwen. The mountains are nearly the same height (from two to three thousand feet above the level of the sea) with the average of Welsh mountains; and the freshness and verdure which clothe them during the rains, as well as the fleecy clouds continually sweeping over them, increased their likeness to the green dells and moist climate of Gwyneth. In one respect, and only one, the Ghats have the advantage,—their precipices are higher, and the outline of the hills consequently bolder. That outline, indeed, is remarkable, consisting, in by far the majority of instances, of a plane table summit, or else a long horizontal ridge, supported by sides as steep and regular as if artificially scarped, with natural terraces at uncertain heights, each with its own precipice, affording a striking specimen of what is called the trap formation. There is a good deal of forest timber on the sides of these

hills, and the gorges of the valleys are thickly wooded. The trees, however, are not, singly taken, of any great size, either here, or in the Deckan, or in Bombay, a circumstance in which these countries seem remarkably contrasted with Guzerat and the greater part of northern India.

Near Candaulah is a waterfall, which flows all the year, and at this season is very full and beautiful. It falls in three or four successive descents down one of the highest precipices I ever saw, not less, I should apprehend, than one thousand two hundred feet, into a valley of very awful depth and gloom, through which its stream winds to join the sea, nearly opposite to Tannah, under the name of the Callianee river. On a knoll above this waterfall, and close to the great precipice, Mr. Elphinstone has a small house where he passes a part of each cold season. I saw it only from a distance, but should suppose it to be a delightful residence.

In ascending the Ghats to Candaulah, I was met by six armed horsemen, part of an escort obligingly sent me by Mr. Chaplin, the commissioner in the Deckan. This is now more a mark of respect and calculated to conciliate the respect of the natives, than a measure of any real necessity on this road. The population, however, of these mountains used, at no long time ago, to be frequently troublesome and dangerous to passengers, and still sometimes indulge in their old habits towards native travellers, though with Europeans they seldom if ever venture to meddle. They are of the same caste and family of people with the Coolies of Guzerat, and call themselves by that name. They are, however, less tall and

robust than those hardy barbarians, and seem a link between them and the Bheels. The plain country, both of the Concan and the more elevated level of the Deckan, is inhabited by Maharattas, a peaceable and industrious race, among whom there should seem to be fewer remarkable crimes against society than, with a similar population, is found in most parts of India. The horsemen who were sent to meet me were natives of Hindostan, in the service of the police. They had been originally in Colonel Skinner's corps, wore its uniform, and appeared much delighted to find that I knew all about their old commander, and had been myself at Delhi.

The cottages both in the Concan and in the Deckan are small and mean, with steep thatched roofs, and very low side-walls of loose stones, and there is a general appearance of poverty both in the dress and farming implements of the people. Their cattle, however, are of a larger and better breed than those of Bengal; and, notwithstanding the long drought, were, when I saw them, in better case than I could have expected.

July 5.—Dr. Barnes and I left Poonah, as before, in our palanquins, except that I rode through the city and for a few miles on our road till the sun grew too hot. We passed the river by a deep ford immediately beyond the town, we ourselves in a boat, and the horses swam over; and arrived at Candaulah, where we slept. The rain here was almost incessant, and seemed to have driven under the shelter of the post bungalow many animals which usually avoid the neighbourhood of man. We were on our guard against scorpions and centipedes, of which the tavern-keeper told us that he had killed many within

the last few days; but I was a little startled, while passing through a low doorway, to feel something unusual on my shoulder, and, on turning my face round, to see the head of a snake pointed towards my cheek. I shook him off and he was killed by a servant. He was a small green one, mottled with a few black spots; some of those who saw him declared him to be very venomous, others denied it, and it unluckily did not occur to me to examine his fangs. Whatever were his powers of mischief, I had good reason to be thankful to Providence that he did not bite me; for, besides the necessity, under the certainty of his poisonous nature, of using painful remedies, I should have had to bear many hours' suspense between life and death.

I rode down the ghats, the scenery of which I thought even more beautiful than I did when I ascended. The foliage struck me more, and I was particularly pleased with a species of palm, resembling the sago-tree, which seems the hardiest of its genus, and is certainly one of the most beautiful. Its leaf is narrower than most other kinds, so as to give the branches at some distance something of the air of a weeping willow, but it has also a splendid ornament in a pendant cluster of what I suppose to be seed-vessels, hanging like an enormous ear of corn among the boughs. All the torrents, most of which had been dry when I passed before, were now full, and every chasm in the steep side of the mountains offered the prospect of a cascade. I saw here ten at one view.

HOLY PLACES

Benares

September 5, 1824.—In our way to and from the school I had an opportunity of seeing something of Benares, which is a very remarkable city, more entirely and characteristically eastern than any which I have yet seen, and at the same time altogether different from anything in Bengal. No Europeans live in the town, nor are the streets wide enough for a wheel-carriage. Mr. Fraser's gig was stopped short almost in its entrance, and the rest of the way was passed in tonjons[1] through alleys so crowded, so narrow, and so winding, that even a tonjon sometimes passed with difficulty. The houses are mostly lofty, none, I think, less than two stories, most of three, and several of five or six, a sight which I now for the first time saw in India. The streets, like those of Chester, are considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have mostly arched rows in front, with little shops behind them. Above these the houses are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad and overhanging eaves, supported by carved brackets. The number of temples is very great, mostly small, and stuck, like shrines, in the angles of the streets and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful, and they are many of them entirely covered over with beautiful

1. Carried chairs.

and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm-branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone from Chunar, but the Hindoos here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour, and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings in gaudy colours of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods, and goddesses, in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties. The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or woe be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population) in order to make way for the tonjon. Monkeys sacred to Hunimaun, the divine ape who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer's or confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Fakirs' houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinas, biyals, and other discordant instruments, while religious mendicants of every Hindu sect, offering every conceivable deformity which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides. The number of blind persons is very great (I was going to say of lepers also,

but I am not sure whether the appearance on the skin may not have been filth and chalk), and here I saw repeated instances of that penance of which I had heard much in Europe, of men with their legs or arms voluntarily distorted by keeping them in one position, and their hands clenched till the nails grew out at the backs.

Close to the school was a fine house belonging to two minors, the sons of a celebrated baboo, who had made a vast fortune as dewan to some Europeans high in office, as well as to some natives of rank resident in and near Benares, which we had time to see. It was a striking building, and had the advantage, very unusual in Benares, of having a vacant area of some size before the door, which gave us an opportunity of seeing its architecture. It is very irregular, built round a small court, two sides of which are taken up by the dwelling-house, the others by offices. The house is four lofty storeys high, with a tower over the gate of one storey more. The front has small windows of various forms, some of them projecting on brackets and beautifully carved, and a great part of the wall itself is covered with a carved pattern of sprigs, leaves, and flowers, like an old-fashioned paper. The whole is of stone, but painted a deep red. The general effect is by no means unlike some of the palaces at Venice, as represented in Canaletti's views. We entered a gateway similar to that of a college, with a groined arch of beautifully rich carving, like that on the roof of Christ Church gateway, though much smaller. On each side is a deep richly-carved recess, like a shrine, in which are idols with lamps before them, the household gods of

the family. The court is covered with plantains and rose-trees, with a raised and ornamented well in its centre; on the left hand a narrow and steep flight of stone steps, the meanest part of the fabric, without balustrades and looking like the approach to an English granary, led to the first storey. At their foot we were received by the two young heirs, stout little fellows of thirteen and twelve, escorted by their uncle, an immensely fat Brahmin pundit, who is the spiritual director of the family, and a little, shrewd-looking, smooth-spoken, but vulgar and impudent man, who called himself their moonshee. They led us up to the show-rooms, which are neither large nor numerous; they are, however, very beautifully carved, and the principal of them, which occupies the first floor of the gateway and is a square with a Gothic arcade round it, struck me as exceedingly comfortable. The centre, about fifteen feet square, is raised and covered with a carpet, serving as a divan. The arcade round is flagged with a good deal of carving and ornament, and is so contrived that on a very short notice four streams of water, one in the centre of each side, descend from the roof like a permanent shower-bath and fall into stone-basins sunk beneath the floor and covered with a sort of open fret-work, also of stone. These rooms were hung with a good many English prints of the common paltry description which was fashionable twenty years ago, of Sterne and poor Maria (the boys supposed this to be a doctor feeling a lady's pulse), the Sorrows of Werter, etc., together with a daub of the present Emperor of Delhi, and several portraits in oil of a much better kind, of the father of these boys, some of his powerful native friends and employers, and of a very beautiful woman of

European complexion but in an Eastern dress, of whom the boys knew nothing or would say nothing more than that the picture was painted for their father by Lall-jee of Patna. I did not, indeed, repeat the question, because I knew the reluctance with which all Eastern nations speak of their women, but it certainly had the appearance of a portrait, and, as well as the old baboo's picture, would have been called a creditable painting in most gentlemen's houses in England.

I have, indeed, during the journey, been surprised at the progress which painting appears to have made of late years in India. I was prepared to expect glowing colours, without drawing, perspective, or even shadow, resembling the illuminations in old monkish chronicles and in the oriental manuscripts which are sometimes brought to England. But at Sir C. D'Oyley's I saw several miniatures by this same Lall-jee, dead some years since, and by his son now alive, but of less renowned talent, which would have done credit to any European artist, being distinguished by great truth of colouring as well as softness and delicacy. The portraits which I now saw were certainly not so good, but they were evidently the works of a man well acquainted with the principles of his art, and very extraordinary productions, considering that Lall-jee had probably no opportunity of so much as seeing one Italian picture.

Our little friends were very civil, and pressed us to stay for breakfast, but it was already late. We looked, however, before we went, at the family pagoda, which stood close to the house and was, though small, as rich as carving, painting, and gilding could make it. The

principal shrine was that of Siva, whose emblem rose just seen amid the darkness of the inner sanctuary, crowned with scarlet flowers, with lamps burning before it. In front, and under the centre cupola, was the sacred bull, richly painted and gilt, in an attitude of adoration, and crowned likewise with scarlet flowers, and over all hung a large silver bell, suspended from the roof like a chandelier.

September 7.—This morning, accompanied by Mr. Macleod, Mr. Prinsep, and Mr. Frazer, I again went into the city, which I found peopled, as before, with bulls and beggars; but what surprised me still more than yesterday, as I penetrated further into it, were the large, lofty, and handsome dwelling-houses, the beauty and apparent richness of the goods exposed in the bazaars, and the evident hum of business which was going on in the midst of all this wretchedness and fanaticism. Benares is, in fact, a very industrious and wealthy as well as a very holy city. It is the great mart where the shawls of the north, the diamonds of the south, and the muslins of Dacca and the eastern provinces centre, and it has very considerable silk, cotton, and fine woollen manufactories of its own; while English hardware, swords, shields, and spears from Lucknow and Monghyr, and those European luxuries and elegancies which are daily becoming more popular in India, circulate from hence through Bundlecund, Gorruckpoor, Nepaul, and other tracts which are removed from the main artery of the Ganges. The population, according to a census made in 1803, amounted to above 582,000—an enormous amount, and which one should think must have been exaggerated; but it is the nearest means we have

of judging, and it certainly becomes less improbable from the real great size of the town and the excessively crowded manner in which it is built. It is well drained, and stands dry on a high rocky bank sloping to the river, to which circumstance, as well as to the frequent ablutions and great temperance of the people, must be ascribed its freedom from infectious diseases. Accordingly, notwithstanding its crowded population, it is not an unhealthy city; yet the only square or open part in it, is the new market-place, constructed by the present Government, and about as large as the Peckwater Quadrangle in Oxford.

In another temple which is dedicated to 'Unna Purna', supposed to be the 'Anna Perenna' of the Romans, a Brahmin was pointed out to me, who passes his whole day seated on a little pulpit about as high and large as a dressing-table, only leaving it for his necessary ablutions, and at night, though then he sleeps on the pavement beside it. His constant occupation is reading or lecturing on the Vedas. The latter he does, to as many as will hear him, from eight in the morning till four in the evening. He asks for nothing, but a small copper basin stands by his pulpit, into which any who feel disposed may drop the alms on which only he subsists. He is a little pale man, of an interesting countenance, which he does not disfigure by such ostentatious marks of piety as are usual here, and is said to be eloquent, as well as extremely learned in the Sanskrit.

One of the most interesting and singular objects in Benares is the ancient observatory,[1] founded before the

1. Raja Jai Singh's observatory, built in 1693, overlooking the Man Mandir gate.

Mussulman conquest, and still very entire, though no longer made any use of. It is a stone building, containing some small courts, cloistered round for the accommoda-tion of the astronomers and their students, and a large square tower, on which are seen a huge gnomon, perhaps twenty feet high, with the arc of a dial in proportion, a circle fifteen feet in diameter, and a meridional line, all in stone. These are very far from being exact, but are interesting proofs of the zeal with which science had at one time been followed in these countries. There is a similar observatory at Delhi.

From the observatory we descended by a long flight of steps to the water's edge, where a boat was waiting for us. I had thus an opportunity of seeing the whole city on its most favourable side. It is really a very large place, and rises from the river in an amphitheatrical form, thickly studded with domes and minarets, with many very fine ghats descending to the water's edge, all crowded with bathers and worshippers. Shrines and temples of various sizes, even within the usual limits of the river's rise, almost line its banks. Some of these are very beautiful, though all are small, and I was particularly struck with one very elegant little structure, which was founded, as well as the ghat on which it stands, by the virtuous Ali Bhaee. On rowing past this, Mr. Prinsep said that he had, as a special favour, obtained permission for me to see a Jain temple. After climbing a steep flight of steps, and threading a succession of the narrowest alleys I ever saw, we arrived at the door of a large and lofty but dingy house, at the top of which peeped out a little gilt cupola. Here we climbed another steep staircase, and were

received in a small but neat vestibule, without furniture, except three or four chairs, and with a beautiful oriel window looking on the river, by the priest, a tall, large man, with a very shrewd and intelligent countenance. He begged us to be seated, and observed he was sorry he could not converse with me in any language which I was sufficiently acquainted with, to make me understand all I should see Two or three others, Jain merchants, now entered, and the priest led us into a succession of six small rooms, with an altar at the end of each, not unlike those in Roman Catholic chapels, with a little niche on one side resembling what in such churches they call the 'Piscina'. In the centre of each room was a large tray with rice and ghee strongly perfumed, apparently as an offering, and in two or three of them were men seated on their heels on the floor, with their hands folded as in prayer or religious contemplation. Over each of the altars was an altar-piece, a large bas-relief in marble, containing, the first, five, the last in succession, twenty-five figures, all of men sitting cross-legged, one considerably larger than the rest and represented as a negro. He, the priest said, was their god; the rest were the different bodies which he had assumed at different epochs, when he had become incarnate to instruct mankind. The doctrines which he had delivered on these occasions make up their theology, and the progress which any man has made in these mysteries entitles him to worship in one or more of the successive apartments which were shown us.

There yet remained to be visited the mosque of Aurungzebe, and the Vid(y)alaya or Hindoo college,[1] which

1. Established in 1791.

fortunately both lay pretty nearly in our direct way home. The former is a handsome building in a very advantageous situation but chiefly remarkable for the view from its minarets, which are very lofty and derive still greater elevation from the hill on which they stand. The day was not favourable, but we still saw a great distance. The Himalaya range may, as I was told, be sometimes seen, but nothing of the sort was now visible, nor any mountains at all in a horizon of great extent. The ground, however, of this part of Hindostan is not without inequalities, and though it is certainly one immense plain, it is such a plain as one sees in miniature in England or on the continent of Europe, not such a mere dead level as Bengal. The bank on which Benares itself stands is of some height, and there were several ridges of hills, as at Chunar and other places within sight, which would fully rank on a level with Hawkstone.

The Vid(y)alaya is a large building divided into two courts galleried above and below, and full of teachers and scholars, divided into a number of classes, who learn reading, writing, arithmetic (in the Hindoo manner), Persian, Hindoo law and sacred literature, Sanscrit, astronomy according to the Ptolemaic system, and astrology! There are two hundred scholars, some of whom of all sorts came to say their lessons to me, though unhappily I was myself able to profit by none, except the astronomy and a little of the Persian. The astronomical lecturer produced a terrestrial globe, divided according to their system, and elevated to the meridian of Benares. Mount Meru he identified with the north pole, and under the southern pole he supposes the tortoise 'chukwa' to stand, on

which the earth rests. The southern hemisphere he apprehended to be uninhabitable, but, on its concave surface in the interior of the globe, he placed Padalon. He then showed me how the sun went round the earth once in every day, and how, by a different but equally continuous motion, he also visited the signs of the zodiac. The whole system is precisely that of Ptolemy, and the contrast was very striking between the rubbish which these young men were learning in a government establishment and the rudiments of real knowledge which those whom I had visited the day before had acquired, in the very same city, and under circumstances far less favourable. I was informed, that it had been frequently proposed to introduce an English and mathematical class, and to teach the Newtonian and Copernican system of astronomy; but that the late superintendent of the establishment was strongly opposed to any innovation, partly on the plea that it would draw the boys off from their Sanscrit studies, and partly lest it should interfere with the religious prejudices of the professors. The first of these arguments is pretty much like what was urged at Oxford (substituting Greek for Sanscrit) against the new examinations, by which, however, Greek has lost nothing. The second is plainly absurd, since the Ptolemaic system, which is now taught, is itself an innovation, and an improvement on the old faith of eight worlds and seven oceans, arranged like a nest of boxes.

The truth is, that even the pundit who read me this lecture, smiled once or twice very slily, and said, '*Our people* are taught so and so', as if he himself knew better. And Mr. Prinsep afterwards told me that learned

Brahmins had sometimes said to him that our system was the most rational, but that the other answered all their purposes. They could construct almanacs, and calculate eclipses tolerably by the one as well as the other, and the old one was quite good enough, in all conscience, to cast nativities with. Nor can we wonder at their adherence to old usage in these respects when we consider that to change their system would give them some personal trouble, and when we recollect that the church of Rome has not even yet withdrawn the anathema which she levelled at the heresy that the earth turned round, as taught by Copernicus and Galileo. There are in this college about two hundred pupils, and ten professors, all paid and maintained by Government.

During my progress through the holy places I had received garlands of flowers in considerable numbers, which I was told it was uncivil to throw away, particularly those which were hung round my neck. I now, in consequence, looked more like a *sacrifice* than a priest and on getting again into the gig was glad to rid myself of my ornaments.

I received a visit from the Raja of Benares, a middle-aged man, very corpulent, with more approach to colour in his cheeks than is usually seen in Asiatics, and a countenance and appearance not unlike an English farmer. My few complimentary phrases in Persian being soon at an end, Mr. Brooke interpreted for me, and I found my visitor very ready to converse about the antiquities of his city, the origin of its name, which he said had anciently

been Baranas, from two rivers, Bara and Nasa,[1] which here fall into the Ganges (I suppose under ground, for no such are set down on the map), and other similar topics. I regretted to learn, after he was gone, that he resided at some distance from the city on the other side of the river, and where I had no chance of returning his call; but I was told that he expected no such compliment, though he would be pleased to learn that I had wished to pay it him. The maharaja's equipage was not by any means a splendid one; he had silver sticks, however, behind his carriage, and the usual show of spears preceding it, but no troopers that I saw. He is rich, notwithstanding: and the circumstances of his family have materially improved since the conquest of Benares by the English from the Mussulmans.

September 19.—The city of Benares is certainly the richest, as well as, probably, the most populous in India; it is also the best governed in respect to its police, which is carried on by a sort of national guard, the chuprassies, of whom I have made frequent mention, chosen by the inhabitants themselves, and merely approved of by the magistrates. There are about five hundred of these in the city, which is divided into sixty wards, with a gate to each which is shut at night and guarded by one of these people. In consequence, notwithstanding the vast population, the crowds of beggars and pilgrims of all countries (of Maharatta pilgrims alone there are generally some twenty thousand in the place, many of them armed and

1. Both streams are still recognizable: Bara, a fairly large stream to the east of Benares; Nasi, a tiny brook in the western part of the city.

of warlike and predatory habits), robberies and murders are very rare, while the guards being elected and paid by the respectable householders, have an interest in being civil, well-behaved, and attentive.

The army at Secrole is never called in except in cases of extremity, according to an excellent rule laid down and strictly observed by the government of Bengal, never to employ the military force except in affairs of real war, or where an active and numerous police is visibly incompetent to provide for the public safety. Only one instance of the military being called in has occurred at Benares during the last twenty-five years, which was on occasion of the quarrel I have already noticed between the Mussulmans and Hindoos. At that time Mr. Bird was magistrate, and he gave me a far more formidable idea of the tumult than I had previously formed. One-half of the population was literally armed against the other, and the fury which actuated both was more like that of demoniacs than rational enemies. It began by the Mussulmans breaking down a famous pillar, named Siva's walking-staff, held in high veneration by the Hindoos. These last in revenge burnt and broke down a mosque, and the retort of the first aggressors was to kill a cow, and pour her blood into the sacred well. In consequence every Hindoo able to bear arms, and many who had no other fitness for the employment than rage supplied, procured weapons and attacked their enemies with frantic fury wherever they met them. Being the most numerous party, they put the Mussulmans in danger of actual extermination, and would certainly have, at least, burned every mosque in the place before twenty-four hours were over, if the

sepoys had not been called in. Of these last the temper was extremely doubtful. By far the greater number of them were Hindoos, and perhaps one-half Brahmins; any one of them, if he had been his own master, would have rejoiced in an opportunity of shedding his life's blood in a quarrel with the Mussulmans; and of the mob who attacked them, the Brahmins, yoguees, gossains, and other religious mendicants formed the front rank, their bodies and faces covered with chalk and ashes, their long hair united as devoted to death, showing their strings, and yelling out to them all the bitterest curses of their religion, if they persisted in urging an unnatural war against their brethren and their gods. The sepoys, however, were immovable. Regarding their military oath as the most sacred of all obligations, they fired at a Brahmin as readily as at any one else, and kept guard at the gate of a mosque as faithfully and fearlessly as if it had been the gate of one of their own temples. Their courage and steadiness preserved Benares from ruin.

Benares being in many respects the commercial and, in all, the ecclesiastical metropolis of India, I was not surprised to find persons from all parts of the Peninsula residing there. But I was astonished to hear of the number of Persians, Turks, Tartars, and even Europeans, who are to be met with. Among them is a Greek, a well-informed and well-mannered man, who has fixed himself here for many years, living on his means, whatever they are, and professing to study the Sanscrit. I heard a good deal of him afterwards in Allahabad, and was struck by the singularity and mystery of his character and situation. He is a very good scholar in the ancient

language of his country, and speaks good English, French. and Italian. His manners are those of a gentleman, and he lives like a person at his ease. He has little intercourse with the English, but is on very friendly terms with the principal Hindoo families. He was once an object of suspicion to Government, but after watching him for a long time they saw nothing in his conduct to confirm their suspicions, and during Lord Hastings' first Pindarree war, he voluntarily gave, on different occasions, information of much importance. So few Europeans, however, who can help it, reside in India, that it seems strange that any man should prefer it as a residence, without some stronger motive than a fondness for Sanscrit literature, more particularly since he does not appear to meditate any work on the subject. He was a partner in a Greek house in Calcutta, but is now said to have retired from business. There is also a Russian here, who, by a natural affinity, lives much with the Greek. He is, however, a trader, and has apparently moved in a much humbler rank of society than his friend.

Though Benares is the holy place of India, the Brahmins there are less intolerant and prejudiced than in most other places.

I was curious to know what Governors of India had stood highest in their good opinion, and found they usually spoke of Warren Hastings and Lord Wellesley as the two greatest men who had ever ruled this part of the world, but that they spoke with most *affection* of Mr. Jonathan Duncan.[1] 'Duncan sahib ka chota bhaee', 'Mr.

1. Governor of Bombay, 1795 to 1811.

Duncan's younger brother', is still the usual term of praise applied to any public man who appears to be actuated by an unusual spirit of kindness and liberality towards their nation. Of the sultan-like and splendid character of Warren Hastings, many traits are preserved, and a nursery rhyme, which is often sung to children, seems to show how much they were pleased with the Oriental (not European) pomp which he knew how to employ on occasion.

> 'Hat'hee pur howdah, ghore pur jeen,
> Juldee bah'r jata Sahib Warren Hasteen!'[1]

Mount Meru

November 26, 1824.—This morning we proceeded along a narrow valley to a broken bridge over the torrent, so like in scenery and circumstances to that called Alarm Brug, in Dovre in Norway, that I could have almost fancied myself there. We forded the stream without difficulty, though over a very rugged bed; but during the rains, one of the chuprassees told me, a rope which I saw hanging loosely across the ruined arch was to transport the postman or any other passenger. He was seated in a basket hung by a loop on this rope and drawn over, backwards and forwards, by two smaller ones fastened to the basket on each side. This is an ingenious though simple method of conveyance, which is practised also by

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1. Heber missed the real point of this ballad which referred to the rapid retreat of Hastings from Benares in 1781. The first line should be,

> 'Ghore pur howdah, hat'hee pur jeen.'

i.e., in the haste, the elephant's howdah was put on the horse, and the horse's saddle on the elephant.

the catchers of sea-fowl on many parts of the coast of Norway; it was the only way formerly in use of passing torrents or chasms in these countries; and the stone bridges which the English have erected are very ill able to resist the floods of the rainy season, which rush down these deep descents with great violence and rapidity.

The snowy peaks had been concealed ever since we descended Gaughur, but the country is still very sublime; less woody, less luxuriant, than the southern side of that mountain, but still moulded in the most majestic forms, and such as I hardly knew whether to prefer or no to the splendid scenery which I had passed. The road is yet more rugged and steep than that over the Gaughur, and the precipices higher; or rather, perhaps, their height is more seen because the trees are fewer and more stunted, and there is nothing to break the view from the brow to the very bottom, with its roaring stream, and narrow, shingly meadows. I know not what is the reason or instinct which induces all animals accustomed to mountain travelling, such as mules, sheep, black cattle, and such ponies as I was now riding, to go by preference as near the edge as possible. I have often observed, and have been puzzled to account for it. The road is, indeed, smoother and most beaten there, but it has been this predilection of theirs which has, in the first instance, made it so. My present pony had this preference very decidedly, and I often found him picking his way along, what I should have thought the extreme verge of safety I was satisfied, however, that he knew best, and therefore let him take his own course, though my constant attendants, the two sepoys, often called out to him, 'Ah, Pearl (his name),

go in the middle, do not go on the brink.' The fact is, that though there is some fatigue, there is no danger in any part of the road, if a person is properly mounted and not nervous.

The long-legged sepoy, who is I find a Brahmin as well as his comrade, is certainly an excellent walker; when I stopped, as I made a point of doing from time to time, for my party and my horse to take breath, he always said he was not tired: and he fairly beat the Kemaoon chuprassees, though natives of the country. Both he and the elder man professed to like their journey exceedingly, and the latter was greatly delighted this morning when, on climbing a second mountain, we had a more extensive and panoramic view of the icy range than we had seen before, and the guides pointed out Meru! 'That, my Lord,' he cried out, 'is the greatest of all mountains! out of that Gunga flows!' The younger, who is not a man of many words, merely muttered 'Ram! Ram! Ram!'

I had expected, from this hill, to see something like a tableland or elevated plain, but found, instead, nothing but one range of mountains after the other, quite as rugged, and, generally speaking, more bare than those which we had left, till the horizon was terminated by a vast range of ice and snow, extending its battalion of white shining spears from east to west, as far as the eye could follow it; the principal points rising like towers in the glittering rampart, but all connected by a chain of humbler glaciers. On one of the middle range of mountains before us, a little lower than the rest, some white buildings appeared and a few trees, with a long zigzag road winding up the face of the hill.

This, I was told, was the city and fortress of Almorah. The other nearer features in the view were some extensive pine-forests, some scattered villages of rather better appearance than those which we had left, and the same marks of industry in the successive terraces by which all the lower parts of the hills are intersected. These have by no means a bad effect in the landscape. The lines are too short and too irregular to have a formal appearance; the bushes and small trees which grow on their brinks look at a little distance exactly like hedges; and the low stone walls, so far as they are discernible at all, seem natural accompaniments to steeps so rugged and craggy.

The mountains which I passed in these stages were all, so far as I saw, of limestone. There are, indeed, vast detached masses of granite lying everywhere on the side of the hills, in the valleys and the torrents; and the peaks of the mountains, if I had climbed up to them, would doubtless have proved of the same substance. But limestone and coarse slate are the materials of which the road and walls are made; and the few cottages which I have seen of a better appearance than the rest (I passed two more villages in this day's march) are built and roofed with the same materials, as are also the Government warehouses. I saw many European plants to-day. Cherry-trees were numerous. I observed a good deal of honeysuckle and some hips and haws, and one of the guides brought me a large handful of bilberries. I saw, however, no ice; and indeed I had many opportunities of observing, that high as we had climbed in the course of the day, we were not so high as when on the top of

Gaughur. Nothing could be finer than the climate. Though the sun was hot before we got to our station, the distance being seven coss, it was not unpleasant at any time of the day; nor, though in the shade it was certainly cold and chilly, was it more so than is usually felt in England in the finest part of October.

My sepoys, who, as all water-drinkers are, are critics in the beverage, praised exceedingly the purity and lightness of the little streams which gushed across the road. Mr. Boulderson, indeed, had told me that the Khasyas pride themselves much on their spring and have been known to refuse advantageous situations in the plain, saying, 'How can we get good water there?' This, however, does not seem to militate against their annual emigration. All the villages which we passed were empty, the people having gone to Bamoury for the winter. One or two cottages, however, were still inhabited round the Company's post, the master of one of which, who, though dressed like a common Khasya peasant, said he was the Zemindar of the district, brought me some beautiful lemons and some young potatoes, both the produce of his garden. Potatoes are much liked by the mountaineers, and are becoming very common. They are, perhaps, among the most valuable presents which they are likely to receive from their new masters.

During the afternoon, and soon after I had finished my early dinner, a very fine cheerful old man, with staff and wallet, walked up and took his place by one of the fires. He announced himself as a pilgrim to Bhadrinath, and said he had previously visited a holy place in Lahore,

whose name I could not make out, and was last returned from Juggernath and Calcutta, whence he had intended to visit the Burman territories, but was prevented by the war. He was a native of Oude, but hoped, he said, before he fixed himself again at home, to see Bombay and Poonah. I asked him what made him undertake such long journeys. He said he had had a good and affectionate son, a havildar in the Company's service, who always sent him money and had once or twice come to see him. Two years back he died, and left him sixteen gold mohurs, but since that time, he said, he could settle to nothing, and at length he had determined to go to all the most holy spots he had heard of, and travel over the world till his melancholy legacy was exhausted. I told him I would pay the goomashta[1] for his dinner that day, on which he thanked me and said 'so many great men had shown him the same kindness, that he was not yet in want and had never been obliged to ask for anything.' He was very curious to know who I was, with so many guards and servants in such a place; and the name of 'Lord Padre' was, as usual, a great puzzle to him. He gave a very copious account of his travels, the greater part of which I understood pretty well, and he was much pleased by the interest which I took in his adventures. He remarked that Hindostan was the finest country and the most plentiful which he had seen. Next to that he spoke well of Sinde, where he said things were still cheaper, but the water not so good. Lahore, Bengal, and Orissa, none of them were favourites, nor did he speak well of Kemaoon. It might for all he knew, he said, be healthy,

1. Agent.

but what was that to him, who was never ill anywhere, so he could get bread and water. There was something flighty in his manner, but on the whole he was a fine old pilgrim, and one well suited to

'Repay with many a tale the nightly bed.'

A nightly bed, indeed, I had not to offer him, but he had as comfortable a berth by the fire as the sepoys could make him, and I heard his loud cheerful voice telling stories after his mess of rice and ghee, till I myself dropped asleep.

Bindrabund and Muttra

January 8, 1825.—From Dhotana to Jeyt the next stage is a long sixteen miles, through a wild country. On our left, at a distance of two or three miles, we passed Bindrabund,[1] a large town on the banks of the Jumna, celebrated among the Hindoos for its sanctity, and the wealth of its pagodas. I was sorry that I could not visit it, but I believe there was not really much to regret. The buildings are ancient, but all mean; and the peculiarities of the place are chiefly its amazing swarms of sacred monkeys, and the no less amazing crowd of filthy and profligate devotees, who crowd round every stranger, not so much asking as demanding alms. Through all this country, indeed, notwithstanding its vicinity to the capital of Islam in the East, Hindooism seems to predominate in a degree which I did not expect to find. Few or none of the people have Mussulman names; there are abundant pagodas, and scarcely one mosque, and I have seldom

1. Brindabun: from *brinda*, tulsi, and *ban*, a grove.

seen any peasantry with so many Brahminical or Rajpoot strings among them. The villages and jungles near them are all full of peacocks, another symptom of Hindooism, since the Mussulmans would soon make havoc among these beautiful but well-tasted birds. Most of the names which I have heard are followed by the affix of 'Singh', a lion; this ought to belong to the Rajpoots alone, but at present all the Jats claim it, as well as the Seiks, who, as having relinquished Hindooism, have no apparent right to any distinction of the kind. I know not whether this may be regarded as additional grounds for the suspicion which I have some time entertained, that the distinction of caste weighs less on men's minds than it used to do.

But though I was easily reconciled to the omission of Bindrabund, all my party were not so, and five Sepoys applied for leave to go there, promising to rejoin me at Muttra, a permission which I readily gave them. This, however, was followed by a similar request from more than half my little army, with the venerable soubahdar at their head, besides the goomashta of the camels, and my sirdar-bearer.[1] This was inconvenient, but it was not easily avoided. Some of them were Brahmins, some Rajpoots, some had vows on them, and all were so deeply impressed with the sanctity of Bindrabund, that they were extremely anxious not to pass it by. I gave, therefore, my acquiescence with a good grace, reminding them only that they must rejoin me on Sunday evening, as I meant to make no halt in Muttra.

January 9, *Sunday*.—From Jeyt to Muttra is about four coss, the country still wild, but apparently more fertile

1. Personal servant and chief of the servants.

than most of what we had lately seen. Half-way are the ruins of a very large and handsome serai. At this place I was met by Colonel Penny, the commandant of Muttra, with several other officers, who rode with us through the town. Muttra is a large and remarkable city, much reverenced by the Hindoos for its antiquity and connection with many of their legends, more particularly as the birth-place of their fabulous Krishna, or Apollo. In consequence it swarms with paroquets, peacocks, Brahminy bulls, and monkeys, which last are seen sitting on the tops of the houses, and running along the walls and roofs like cats. They are very troublesome, and admitted to be so by the Hindoos themselves, but so much respected that a few years since two young officers who shot at one near Bindrabund were driven into the Jumna, where they perished, by a mob of Brahmins and devotees. In other respects, also, Muttra is a striking town, and a good deal reminded me of Benares, the houses being very high, with the same sort of ornaments as in that city. There is a large ruinous castle on the shore of the Jumna, and a magnificent though dilapidated mosque, with four very tall minarets. In the centre, or nearly so, of the town, Colonel Penny took us into the court of a beautiful temple or dwelling-house, for it seemed to be designed for both in one, lately built, and not yet quite finished, by Gokul Pattu Singh, Sindia's treasurer, and who has also a principal share in a great native banking-house, one branch of which is fixed at Muttra. The building is enclosed by a small but richly-carved gateway, with a flight of steps which leads from the street to a square court, cloistered round, and containing in the centre a building, also square,

supported by a triple row of pillars, all which, as well as the ceiling, are richly carved, painted, and gilt. The effect internally is much like that of the Egyptian tomb, of which the model was exhibited in London by Belzoni; externally the carving is very beautiful. The cloisters round were represented to us as the intended habitation of the Brahmins attached to the fane; and in front, towards the street, were to be apartments for the founder in his occasional visits to Muttra.

ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES

A General View

(From a letter, dated March 1825)

During my long journey through the northern half of this vast country, I have paid all the attention I could spare to a topic on which Schlegel bitterly reproves the English for their attention to, the architectural antiquities of Hindostan. I had myself heard much of these before I set out, and had met with many persons both in Europe and at Calcutta (where nothing of the kind exists), who spoke of the present natives of India as a degenerate race, whose inability to rear such splendid piles was a proof that these last belong to a remote antiquity. I have seen, however, enough to convince me, that both the Indian masons and architects of the present day only want patrons sufficiently wealthy or sufficiently zealous, to do all which their ancestors have done; and that there are very few structures here which can, on any satisfactory grounds, be referred to a date so early as the greater part of our own cathedrals. Often in Upper Hindostan, and still more frequently in Rajpootana and Malwah, I have met with new and unfinished shrines, cisterns, and ghats, as beautifully carved and as well proportioned as the best of those of an earlier date. And though there are many buildings and ruins which exhibit a most venerable appearance, there are several causes in this country which

produce this appearance prematurely. In the first instance, we ourselves have a complex impression made on us by the sight of edifices so distant from our own country, and so unlike whatever we have seen there. We multiply, as it were, the geographical and moral distance into the chronological, and can hardly persuade ourselves that we are contemporaries with an object so far removed in every other respect. Besides this, however, the finest masonry in this climate is sorely tried by the alternate influence of a pulverizing sun and a continued three months' rain. The wild fig-tree (peepul, or ficus religiosa), which no Hindoo can root out or even lop, without a deadly sin, soon sows its seeds and fixes its roots in the joints of the arching, and, being of rapid growth at the same time, in a very few years increases its picturesque and antique appearance, and secures its eventual destruction; lastly, no man in this country repairs or completes what his father has begun, preferring to begin something else, by which his own name may be remembered. Accordingly, in Dacca are many fine ruins, which at first impressed me with a great idea of their age. Yet Dacca is a modern city, founded, or at least raised from insignificance, under Shah Jehanguire in A.D. 1608; and the tradition of the place is that these fine buildings were erected by European architects in the service of the then governor. At Benares, the principal temple has an appearance so venerable that one might suppose it to have stood unaltered ever since the Greta Yug,[1] and

1. Krta Yug, the first of the four cycles, according to Hindu chronology, extends for 1,728,000 years: the second, Treta, for 196,000: the third, Dwapara, for 864,000: and the present cycle, Kali, for 432,000.

that Menu and Capila[1] had performed austerities within its precincts. Yet it is historically certain that all the Hindoo temples of consequence in Benares were pulled down by Aurungzebe, the contemporary of Charles the Second, and that the present structures must have been raised since that time. The observatories of Benares, Delhi, and Jyepoor, I heard spoken of in the carelessness of conversation, not only as extremely curious in themselves (which they certainly are), but as monuments of the ancient science of the Hindoos. All three, however, are known to be the work of the Raja Jye Singh, who died in 1742.

A remote antiquity is, with better reason, claimed for some idols of black stone, and elegant columns of the same material, which have been collected in different parts of the districts of Rhotas, Bulnem, etc. These belong to the religion of a sect (the Buddhists) of which no remains are now found in those provinces. But I have myself seen images exactly similar in the newly-erected temples of the Jains, a sect of the Buddhists, still wealthy and numerous in Guzerat, Rajpootana, and Malwah: and in a country where is literally no history, it is impossible to say how long since or how lately they may have lost their ground in the more eastern parts of Gundwana. In the wilds which I have been lately traversing, at Chittore Ghur more particularly, there are some very beautiful buildings, of which the date was obviously assigned at random, and which might be 500 or 1,000, or

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1. Manu, the progenitor and first law-giver of the human race. Capila, the founder of Sankhya philosophy.

1,500 years old, for all their present guardians know about the matter. But it must always be borne in mind, that 1,000 years are as easily said as ten, and that in the mouth of a cicerone, they are sometimes thought to sound rather better. The oldest things which I have seen, of which the date could be at all ascertained, are some detached blocks of marble, with inscriptions, but of no appalling remoteness; and two remarkable pillars of black mixed metal, in a Patan fort near Delhi, and at Cuttab Minar, in the same neighbourhood, both covered with inscriptions, which nobody can now read, but both mentioned in Mussulman history as in their present situation at the time when the 'believers' conquered Delhi, about A.D. 1000. But what is this to the date of the Parthenon? Or how little can these trifling relics bear comparison with the works of Greece and Egypt! Ellora and Elephanta, I have not yet seen; I can believe all which is said of their size and magnificence; but they are without date or inscription; they are, I understand, not mentioned, even incidentally, in any Sanskrit manuscript. Their images, etc. are the same with those now worshipped in every part of India, and there have been many rajas and wealthy individuals in every age of Indian history who have possessed the means of carving a huge stone quarry into a cathedral. To our cathedrals, after all, they are, I understand, very inferior in size. All which can be known is that Elephanta must probably have been begun (whether it was ever finished seems very doubtful) before the arrival of the Portuguese at Bombay; and that Ellora may reasonably be concluded to have been erected

in a time of peace under a Hindoo prince, and therefore either before the first Afghan conquest or subsequently, during the recovered independence of that part of Candeish and the Deckan. This is no great matter certainly, and it *may* be older; but all I say, is that we have no reason to conclude it is so, and the impression on my mind decidedly accords with Mill[1] that the Hindoos, after all, though they have doubtlessly existed from very great antiquity as an industrious and civilized people, had made no great progress in the arts and took all their notions of magnificence from the models furnished by their Muhammedan conquerors.

The Jumna Musjeed and the Tage Mahal

January 11, 1825.—In the evening I went to see the city, the fort, and the Jumna Musjeed.[2] The city is large, old, and ruinous, with little to attract attention beyond that picturesque mixture of houses, balconies, projecting roofs, and groups of people in the Eastern dress, which is common to all Indian towns. The fort is very large and ancient, surrounded with high walls and towers of red stone, which command some noble views of the city, its neighbourhood, and the windings of the Jumna. The principal sights, however, which it contains, are the Motee Musjeed, a beautiful mosque of white marble, carved

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1. See Mill's *History of British India*, II, 10. 1858 ed. 'Of one very necessary and important part of architecture the Hindus were entirely ignorant. They knew not the construction of arches till they first learned it from their Moslem conquerors.'

2. Of Agra. The principal mosque of a town is known as the Jami Masjid.

with exquisite simplicity and elegance, and the palace built by Acbar, in a great degree of the same material, and containing some noble rooms, now sadly disfigured and destroyed by neglect and by being used as warehouses, armories, offices, and lodging-rooms for the garrison.

The hall, now used as the 'Dewanny Aum', or public court of justice, is a splendid edifice, supported by pillars and arches of white marble, as large and more nobly simple than that of Delhi. The ornaments, carving, and mosaic of the smaller apartments, in which was formerly the zennanah, are equal or superior to anything which is described as found in the Alhambra. The view from these rooms is very fine, at the same time that there are some, adapted for the hot winds, from which light is carefully excluded. This suite is lined with small mirrors in fantastic frames ; a cascade of water, also surrounded by mirrors, has been made to gush from a recess at the upper end, and marble channels, beautifully inlaid with cornelians, agates, and jasper, convey the stream to every side of the apartment. In another of the towers are baths of equal beauty ; one of which, a single block of white marble, Lord Hastings caused to be forced up from its situation, not without considerable injury both to the bath itself and the surrounding pavement, in order to carry it down to Calcutta. It was, however, too heavy for the common *budgerow* in use on the Jumna, and the bath remains to shame its spoliator. Should the plan, which has often been talked of, of having a separate government for Central India, ever be carried into execution, this would unques-

tionably be the Government House. It might still be restored at less expense than building a new residence for the governor; and there is, at present, no architect in India able to build even a lodge in the same style. The Jumna Musjeed is not by any means so fine as that of Delhi. It is very picturesque, however, and the more so from its neglected state, and the grass and peepul-trees which grow about its lofty domes.

January 13.—I went to see the celebrated Tage Mahal of which it is enough to say that, after hearing its praises ever since I had been in India, its beauty rather exceeded than fell short of my expectations. There was much, indeed, which I was not prepared for. The surrounding garden, which, as well as the Tage itself, is kept in excellent order by Government, with its marble fountains, beautiful cypresses and other trees, and profusion of flowering shrubs, contrasts very finely with the white marble of which the tomb itself is composed and takes off, by partially concealing it, from that stiffness which belongs more or less to every highly-finished building. The building itself is raised on an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble, and having at its angles four tall minarets of the same material. The Tage contains, as usual, a central hall about as large as the interior of the Ratcliffe library, in which, enclosed within a carved screen of elaborate tracery, are the tombs of the Begum Noorjehan, Shahjehan's beloved wife, to whom it was erected, and by her side, but a little raised above her, of the unfortunate emperor himself. Round this hall are a number of smaller apartments, corridors, etc., and the windows

are carved in lattices of the same white marble with the rest of the building, and the screen. The pavement is in alternate squares of white, and what is called in Europe, Sienna marble; the walls, screens, and tombs are covered with flowers and inscriptions, executed in beautiful mosaic of cornelians, lapis-lazuli, and jasper; and yet, though everything is finished like an ornament for a drawing-room chimney-piece, the general effect produced is rather solemn and impressive than gaudy. The parts I like least are the great dome and the minarets. The bulbous swell of the former I think clumsy, and the minarets have nothing to recommend them but their height and the beauty of their materials. But the man must have more criticism than taste or feeling about him, who could allow such imperfections to weigh against the beauties of the Tage Mahal. The Jumna washes one side of the garden, and there are some remains of a bridge which was designed by Shahjehan, with the intention, as the story goes, to build a second Tage of equal beauty for his own separate place of interment, on the opposite side of the river.

The Island of Elephanta

May, 1825.—On the 8th we went to see Elephanta, of which my wife has given an account in her journal, and of which a more regular description is needless after all which Mr. Erskine and others have written on it. I will only observe that the Island of Elephanta, or Shaporee, is larger and more beautiful than I expected, containing, I should suppose, upwards of a thousand acres, a good deal of which is in tillage, with a hamlet of tolerable size, but the major part is very beautiful wood and rock, being a

double-pointed hill, rising from the sea to some height. The stone elephant, from which the usual Portuguese name of the island is derived, stands in a field about a quarter of a mile to the right of the usual landing-place. It is about three times as big as life, rudely sculptured, and very much dilapidated by the weather. The animal on its back, which Mr. Erskine supposed to be a tiger, has no longer any distinguishable shape. From the landing-place, a steep and narrow path, but practicable for palanquins, leads up the hill, winding prettily through woods and on the banks of precipices, so as very much to remind me of Hawkstone. About half a mile up is the first cave, which is a sort of portico supported by two pillars and two pilasters, and seeming as if intended for the entrance to a rock temple which has not been proceeded in. A quarter of a mile further, and two-thirds of the ascent up the higher of the two hills, is the great cavern, in a magnificent situation, and deserving all the praise which has been lavished on it. For its details I again refer to Mr. Erskine, merely noticing that, though my expectations were highly raised, the reality much exceeded them, and that both the dimensions, the proportions, and the sculpture seemed to me to be of a more noble character and a more elegant execution than I had been led to suppose. Even the statues are executed with great spirit, and are some of them of no common beauty, considering their dilapidated condition and the coarseness of their material.

At the upper end of the principal cave, which is in the form of a cross and exceedingly resembles the plan of an ancient basilica, is an enormous bust with three faces,

reaching from the pavement to the ceiling of the temple. It has generally been supposed, and is so even by Mr. Erskine, a representation of the Trimurti, or Hindoo trinity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. But more recent discoveries have ascertained that Siva himself, to whose worship and adventures most of the other ornaments of the cave refer, is sometimes represented with three faces, so that the temple is evidently one to the popular deity of the modern Hindoos alone. Nor could I help remarking, that the style of ornament, and proportions of the pillars, the dress of the figures, and all the other circumstances of the place are such as may be seen at this day in every temple of Central India, and among all those Indian nations where the fashions of the Mussulmans have made but little progress. Those travellers who fancied the contrary had seen little of India but Bombay. From these circumstances, then, nothing can be learned as to the antiquity of this wonderful cavern, and I am myself disposed, for several reasons, to think that this is not very remote.

The rock out of which the temple is carved is by no means calculated to resist, for any great length of time, the ravages of the weather. It evidently suffers much from the annual rains; a great number of the pillars (nearly one-third of the whole) have been undermined by the accumulation of water in the cavern, and the capitals of some, and part of the shafts of others, remain suspended from the tops like huge stalactites, the bases having completely mouldered away. These ravages are said to have greatly increased in the memory of persons now resident in Bombay, though for many years back the cave has

been protected from wanton depredation, and though the sculptures, rather than the pillars, would probably have suffered from that vulgar love of knick-knacks and specimens which prevails among the English more than most nations of the world.

A similar rapidity of decomposition has occurred in the elephant already spoken of, which, when Niebuhr saw it, was, by his account, far more perfect than it now is. But if thirty or forty years can have produced such changes in this celebrated temple, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that any part of it is so old as is sometimes apprehended. It has been urged, as a ground for this apprehension, that the Hindoos of the present day pay no reverence to this temple or its images.

It has been urged that the size and majesty of the excavation compel us to suppose that it must have been made by some powerful Hindoo sovereign, and, consequently, before the first Mussulman invasion. This would be no very appalling antiquity ; but even for this there is no certain ground. The expense and labour of the undertaking are really by no means so enormous as might be fancied. The whole cavern is a mere trifle in point of extent, when compared with the great salt-mine at Northwich ; and there are now, and always have been, rajas and wealthy merchants in India, who, though not enjoying the rank of independent sovereigns, are not unequal to the task of hewing a huge stone quarry into a cathedral. On the whole, in the perfect absence of any inscription or tradition which might guide us, we may assign to Elephanta any date we please. It may be as old as the Parthenon, or it may be as modern as Henry

VIIth's chapel. But though the truth probably lies between the two, I am certainly not disposed to assign to it any great degree of antiquity.

Salsette

May, 1825.—The principal curiosities of Salsette, and those which were our main object in this little tour, are the cave temples of Kennery. These are certainly in every way remarkable, from their number, their beautiful situation, their elaborate carving, and their marked connection with Buddha and his religion. The caves are scattered over two sides of a high rocky hill, at many different elevations, and of various sizes and forms. Most of them appear to have been places of habitation for monks or hermits. One very beautiful apartment, of a square form, its walls covered with sculpture, and surrounded internally by a broad stone bench, is called 'the durbar', but I should rather guess had been a school. Many have deep and well-carved cisterns attached to them, which, even in this dry season, were well supplied with water. The largest and most remarkable of all is a Buddhist temple, of great beauty and majesty, and which, even in its present state, would make a very stately and convenient place of Christian worship. It is entered through a fine and lofty portico, having on its front, but a little to the left hand, a high detached octagonal pillar, surmounted by three lions, seated back to back. On the east side of the portico is a colossal statue of Buddh, with his hands raised in the attitude of benediction, and the screen which separates the vestibule from the temple is covered, immediately above the dado, with a row of

male and female figures, nearly naked, but not indecent, and carved with considerable spirit, which apparently represent dancers. In the centre is a large door, and above it three windows, contained in a semi-circular arch, so like those which are seen over the entrance of Italian churches, that I fully supposed them to be an addition to the original plan by the Portuguese who are said, I know not on what ground, to have used this cave as a church, till I found a similar and still more striking window of the same kind in the great cave of Carlee. Within, the apartment is, I should conceive, fifty feet long by twenty, an oblong square, terminated by a semi-circle, and surrounded on every side but that of the entrance with a colonnade of octagonal pillars. Of these the twelve on each side nearest the entrance are ornamented with carved bases and capitals, in the style usual in Indian temples; the rest are unfinished.

In the centre of the semi-circle, and with a free walk all round it, is a mass of rock left solid, but carved externally like a dome, and so as to bear a strong general likeness to our Saviour's sepulchre, as it is now chiselled away, and enclosed in St. Helena's church at Jerusalem. On the top of the dome is a sort of spreading ornament, like the capital of a column. It is apparently intended to support something; and I was afterwards told at Carlee, where such an ornament, but of greater size, is also found, that a large gilt umbrella used to spring from it. This solid dome appears to be the usual symbol of Buddhist adoration, and, with its umbrella ornament, may be traced in the Shoo-Madoo of Pegu and other more remote structures of the same faith.

The ceiling of this cave is arched semi-circularly, and ornamented, in a very singular manner, with slender ribs of teakwood of the same curve with the roof, and disposed as if they were supporting it, which however, it does not require, nor are they strong enough to answer the purpose. Their use may have been to hang lamps or flowers from in solemn rejoicings.

The Cave of Carlee

May 28, 1825.—In the afternoon of this day (the 28th) I rode on horseback, accompanied by Dr. Barnes, the stage between Candaulah and Carlee, diverging from the road about a mile to visit the celebrated cavern which takes its name from this last place, and which is hewn on the face of a precipice about two-thirds up the side of a steep hill, rising with a very scarped and regular talus to the height of probably eight hundred feet above the plain. The excavations consist, besides the principal temple, of many smaller apartments and galleries, in two storeys, some of them ornamented with great beauty and evidently intended, like those at Kennery, for the lodging of monks or hermits. The temple itself is on the same general plan as that of Kennery, but half as large again, and far finer and richer. It is approached by a steep and narrow path, winding up the side of the hill among trees and brushwood and fragments of rock. This brought us to a mean and ruinous temple of Siva, which serves as a sort of gateway to the cave; a similar small building stands on the right hand of its portico, and we were immediately surrounded by some naked and idle Brahmin boys, who, with an old woman of the same

caste, called themselves the keepers of the sanctuary and offered their services to show its wonders and tell its history. I asked them who was its founder, and they answered, 'King Pandoo', who is indeed, as Mr. Elphinstone afterwards told me, the reputed architect of all these cave-temples, and in general, like our Arthur, of all ancient monuments whose real history is unknown. King Pandoo and his four brethren[1] are the principal heroes of the celebrated Hindoo romance of the Mahabharat; and the apparent identity of his name with that of the 'Pandion',[2] of whose territories in India the Greeks heard so much, is too remarkable to be passed unnoticed.

The approach to the temple is, like that at Kennery, under a noble arch, filled up with a sort of portico screen, in two storeys of three inter-columniations below and five above. In the front, but a little to the left, is the same kind of pillar as is seen at Kennery, though of larger dimensions, surmounted by three lions back to back. Within the portico, to the right and left, are three colossal figures, in alto relievo, of elephants, their faces looking towards the person who arrives in the portico, and their heads, tusks, and trunks very boldly projecting from the wall. On each of them is a mohout, very well carved, and a howdah with two persons seated in it. The internal screen, on each side of the door, is covered, as at

1. The five *sons* of Pandu, known as 'Pandavas', were the heroes of the Mahabharata.

2. 'Pandion' was the name of a great line of kings of Southern India, dating at least as far back as the 3rd century B.C.

Kennery, with alto relievos, very bold and somewhat larger than life, of naked male and female figures. I asked our young guides what deities these represented, and was surprised to hear from them in answer, 'These are not Gods, one God is sufficient, these are viragees' (religious enthusiasts or attendants on the Deity). On asking, however, if their God was the same whom they worshipped in the little temple before the steps, and if he were Maha-Deo, they answered in the affirmative, so that their deism merely extended to paying worship to a single idol only. There is certainly, however, no image either of Buddha or any other mythological personage about this cavern, nor any visible objects of devotion except the mystic chattah, or umbrella, already mentioned at Kennery.

The details of the cave within having been already more than once published, and as, in its general arrangement, it closely answers to Kennery, I will only observe that both in dimensions and execution it is much nobler and more elaborate; and that the capitals of the columns (all of them at least which are not hidden by the chattah at the east end) are very singular and beautiful. Each consists of a large cap, like a bell, finely carved, and surmounted by two elephants with their trunks entwined, and each carrying two male and one female figure, which our guides again told us were viragees.

The timber ribs which decorate the roof, whatever their use may have been, are very perfect and have a good effect in the perspective of the interior, which is all extremely clean and in good repair, and would be, in fact, a very noble temple for any religion. On one side an

old and faded dhoolie, with tattered and dirty curtains, fringes, and other marks of ancient splendour, was suspended. Our guides said it was the god's palanquin, and was carried out on solemn occasions. I saw nothing in it now, and there was no image which could be put into it, so that I suppose it performs its procession empty. On asking where 'Deo' was, they pointed to some red paint on the front of the chattah.

On returning to our horses, we found the Brahmin of the next village, who called himself a pundit, and said he had come on purpose to explain to me all the antiquities and mysteries of the 'Dewul',[1] or temple, but the evening was shutting in too fast to admit of our scrambling half a mile up a steep cliff, to examine the cave over again; and therefore, declining his civility, we rode across the plain to the village of Carlee, where our palanquins were awaiting us.

MAHA-BALI-POOR

March, 1826.—We travelled all night, a practice which I am not fond of, but which circumstances rendered desirable, and, exactly at day-break, reached the rocky beach below the seven pagodas, and where the surf, according to the Hindoos, rolls and roars over 'the city of the great Bali'.[2] One very old temple of Vishnu stands immediately on the brink, and amid the dash of the

1. A corruption of the Sanskrit, *Devalayam*, abode of God.

2. 'Mahabalipuram' is really a corruption of 'Mahamallapura' from the surname of a Pallava king, 'Makamalla', 'great in combat.' The real city of Bali, it is thought, is in Java.

spray, and there are really some small remains of archi-tecture, among which a tall pillar, supposed by some to be a lingam, is conspicuous, which rise from amid the waves and give a proof that in this particular spot (as at Madras) the sea has encroached on the land, though in most other parts of the Coromandel coast it seems rather receding than advancing. There are also many rocks rising through the white breakers, which the fancy of the Brahmins points out as ruins; and the noise of the surf, the dark shadow of the remaining building, the narrow slip of dark smooth sand, the sky just reddening into dawn and lending its tints to the sea, together with the remarkable desolation of the surrounding scenery, were well calculated to make one remember with interest the description in 'Kehama', and to fancy that one saw the beautiful form of Kailyal in her white mantle pacing sadly along the shore and watching till her father and lover should emerge from the breakers. In two points only the picture fails; the caverns in which she was to lodge at night, are, at least, a mile from high-water mark; and in this climate it is at noonday only, not as a bed-chamber, that a cavern will be preferred to the open air.

The case is otherwise with the real city of Maha-Bali-Poor, whose ruins stand among the cliffs at the distance of a short half mile inland. This has really been a place of considerable importance as a metropolis of the ancient kings of the race of Pandion; and its rocks which, in themselves, are pretty and picturesque, are carved out into porticos, temples, bas-reliefs, etc., on a much smaller scale, indeed, than Elephanta or Kennery, but some of them very beautifully executed. They differ from those

of the north and west of India (which are almost all dedicated to Siva or Kali) in being in honour of Vishnu, whose different avatars are repeated over and over in the various temples, while I only saw the solitary lingam, if it be one, which I have mentioned, in the sea, and one unfinished cave, which struck me as intended for a temple of the destroying power.

Many of the bas-reliefs are of great spirit and beauty: there is one of an elephant with two young ones, strikingly executed; and the general merit of the work is superior to that of Elephanta, though the size is extremely inferior. I had heard much of the lions which are introduced in different parts of the series, and the execution of which is said to be more remarkable because no lions are known to exist in South India. But I apprehend that the critics who have thus praised them have taken their idea of a lion from those animals which hang over inn-doors in England, and which, it must be owned, the lions of Maha-Bali-Poor very remarkably resemble; they are, in fact, precisely such animals as an artist, who had never seen one, would form from description.

Notwithstanding the supposed connection of these ruins with the great Bali, I only saw one bas-relief which has reference to his story, and which has considerable merit. It represents Bali seated on his throne and apparently shrinking in terror at the moment when Vishnu, dismissing his disguise of a Brahmin dwarf,[1] under which, he had asked 'the king of the three worlds' to grant

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1. In this *avatar* (incarnation) Vishnu, known as 'Vamana', freed the universe from the demons of whom Bali was king.

him three paces of his kingdom, appears in his celestial and gigantic form, striding from earth to heaven, and 'wielding all weapons in his countless hands', over the head of the unfortunate raja, who, giant as he himself is said to have been, is represented as a mere Lilliputian in the presence of 'the preserving deity'. These ruins cover a great space; a few small houses, inhabited by Brahmins, are scattered among them, and there is one large and handsome temple of Vishnu of later date and in pretty good repair, the priests of which chiefly live by showing the ruins. One of them acted as our cicerone, and seemed the only person in the place who spoke Hindoostanee. Two boys preceded us with a pipe and a small pair of cymbals, and their appearance among these sculptures was very picturesque and beautiful.

CONTEMPORARY PERSONAGES

Hurree Mohun Thakoor

(From a letter, dated December 1, 1823)

Since my last letter I have become acquainted with some of the wealthy natives of whom I spoke, and we are just returned from passing the evening at one of their country houses. This is more like an Italian villa than what one should have expected as the residence of Baboo Hurree Mohun Thakoor. Nor are his carriages, the furniture of his house, or the style of his conversation, of a character less decidedly European. He is a fine old man, who speaks English well, is well informed on most topics of general discussion, and talks with the appearance of much familiarity on Franklin, chemistry, natural philosophy, etc. His family is Brahminical and of singular purity of descent. Being one of the principal landholders in Bengal, and of a family so ancient, they still enjoy, to a great degree, the veneration of the common people, which the present head of the house appears to value,—since I can hardly reconcile in any other manner his philosophical studies and imitation of many European habits with the daily and austere devotion which he is said to practise towards the Ganges (in which he bathes three times every twenty-four hours), and his veneration for all the other duties of his ancestors. He is now said, however, to be aiming at the dignity of a

raja, a title which at present bears pretty nearly the same estimation here as a peerage in England, and is conferred by Government in almost the same manner.

The house is surrounded by an extensive garden, laid out in formal parterres of roses, intersected by straight walks, with some fine trees, and a chain of tanks, fountains, and summer-houses, not ill-adapted to a climate where air, water, and sweet smells are almost the only natural objects which can be relished during the greater part of the year. The whole is little less Italian than the facade of his house, but, on my mentioning this similarity, he observed that the taste for such things was brought into India by the Mussulmans. There are also swings, whirl-gigs, and other amusements for the females of his family, but the strangest was a sort of 'Montagne Russe' of masonry, very steep and covered with plaster, down which he said the ladies used to *slide*. Of these females, however, we saw none,—indeed they were all staying at his town-house in Calcutta. He himself received us at the head of a whole tribe of relations and descendants on a handsome flight of steps, in a splendid shawl by way of mantle, with a large rosary of coral set in gold, leaning on an ebony crutch with a gold head. Of his grandsons, four very pretty boys, two were dressed like English children of the same age; but the round hat, jacket, and trousers by no means suited their dusky skins so well as the splendid brocade caftans and turbans covered with diamonds which the two elder wore. On the whole, both Emily and I have been greatly interested with the family, both now and during our previous interviews. We have several other eastern acquaintance,

but none of equal talent, though several learned moolahs, and one Persian doctor, of considerable reputed sanctity, have called on me.

Rhadacant Deb, A Hindu Gentleman

March 8, 1824.—I had an interesting visit this morning from Rhadacant Deb, the son of a man of large fortune and some rank and consequence in Calcutta, whose carriage, silver sticks, and attendants were altogether the smartest I had yet seen in India. He is a young man of pleasing countenance and manners, speaks English well, and has read many of our popular authors, particularly historical and geographical. He lives a good deal with Europeans, and has been very laudably active and liberal in forwarding, both by money and exertions, the education of his countrymen. He is secretary, gratuitously, to the Calcutta School Society, and has himself published some elementary works in Bengalee. With all this, he is believed to be a great bigot in the religion of his country's gods,—one of the few sincere ones, it is said, among the present race of wealthy Baboos. When the meeting was held of the Hindoo gentlemen of Calcutta, to vote an address of thanks to Lord Hastings on his leaving Bengal, Rhadacant Deb proposed as an amendment that Lord Hastings should be particularly thanked for 'the protection and encouragement which he had afforded to the ancient and orthodox practice of widows burning themselves with their husbands' bodies', a proposal which was seconded by Hurree Mohun Thakoor, another wealthy Baboo. It was lost however, the cry of the meeting, though all Hindoos, being

decidedly against it. But it shows the warmth of Rhadacant Deb's prejudices. With all this I found him a pleasing man, not unwilling to converse on religious topics, and perhaps even liking to do so from a consciousness that he was a shrewd reasoner and from anxiety, which he expressed strongly, to vindicate his creed in the estimation of foreigners. He complained that his countrymen had been much misrepresented, that many of their observances were misunderstood both by Europeans and by the vulgar in India; that for instance, the prohibition of particular kinds of food and the rules of caste had a spiritual meaning and were intended to act as constant mementoes of the duties of temperance, humanity, abstraction from the world, etc. He admitted the beauty of the Christian morality readily enough but urged that it did not suit the people of Hindoostan; and that our drinking wine and eating the flesh of so useful and excellent a creature as the cow, would, in India, be not only shocking, but very unwholesome. I said nobody among us was *required* to eat beef if he did not like it. He, however, shook his head, and said that the vulgar of India *would* eat beef readily enough if they were allowed to do so. He asked me several questions respecting the doctrines of the Church of England, on which I hope I gave him satisfactory information (preferring to remove his prejudices against us, rather than to make any direct attack on his own principles). His greatest curiosity, however, was about the Freemasons, who had lately been going in solemn procession to lay the first stone of the new Hindoo College. 'Were they Christians?' 'Were they of my Church?' He could not

understand that this bond of union was purely civil, convivial, or benevolent, seeing they made so much use of prayer; and was greatly surprised when I said that in Europe both Christians and Mussulmans belonged to the society, and that of the gentlemen whom he had seen the other day, some went to the cathedral, and some to Dr. Bryce's church. He did not, indeed, understand that between Dr. Bryce and the other chaplains any difference existed; and I had no desire, on finding this, to carry my explanations on this point further. He asked, at length, 'If I was a Mason?' 'If I knew their secret?' 'If I could guess it?' 'If I thought it was anything wicked or Jacobinical?' I answered that I was no Mason; and took care to express my conviction that the secret, if there was any, was perfectly harmless, and we parted very good friends, with mutual expressions of anxiety to meet again. Greatly, indeed, should I rejoice, if anything which I can say should be of service to him.

Trimbukjee Danglia

September 11, 1824.—On the top of the rock of Chunar, and within the rampart, is a considerable space, covered with remarkably fine English hay-grass, now nearly ripe for cutting, several noble spreading trees, and some excellent houses for the officers, few of whom, however, when not on duty, remain here, the reflection of the sun from the rock being very powerful, and the expense of bringing water for the tatties[1] great. Within this principal circle, and on a still higher point, are two inner fortifications, one containing the Governor's house, the hospital,

1. Matting screens, against the heat.

and the state-prison, now inhabited by the celebrated Maharatta chieftain, Trimbukjee,[1] long the inveterate enemy of the British power, and the fomentor of all the troubles in Berar, Malwah, and the Deckan. He is confined with great strictness, having an European as well as a Sepoy guard, and never being trusted out of the sight of the sentries. Even his bed-chamber has three grated windows open into the verandah which serves as guard-room. In other respects he is well treated, has two large and very airy apartments, a small building fitted up as a pagoda, and a little garden shaded with a peepul tree, which he has planted very prettily with balsams and other flowers. Four of his own servants are allowed to attend him, but they are always searched before they quit or return to the fort, and must be always there at night. He is a little, lively, irritable-looking man, dressed, when I saw him, in a dirty cotton mantle, with a broad red border, thrown carelessly over his head and shoulders. I was introduced to him by Colonel Alexander and he received me courteously, observing that he himself was a Brahmin, and in token of his brotherly regard plucking some of his prettiest flowers for me. He then showed me his garden and pagoda, and after a few commonplace expressions of the pleasure I felt in seeing so celebrated a warrior, which he answered by saying with a laugh, he

1. W. B. Hockley, in his novel, *Pandurang Hari,* has blackened unduly the character of Trimbukjee: this is in accordance with the very unfavourable picture of the Mahrattas given in the book. It is possible that Trimbukjee was not really responsible for the murder of Gangadhar Sastri, who was perhaps killed by a private enemy.

should have been glad to make my acquaintance else-where, I made my bow and took leave. He has been now, I believe, five years in prison, and seems likely to remain there during life or till the death of his patron and tool, Bajee Rao, may lessen his power of doing mis-chief. He has often offered to give security to any amount for his good behaviour, and to become a warmer friend to the Company than he has ever been their enemy, but his applications have been vain. He attributes, I understand, this failure to Mr. Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, who is, he says, 'his best friend and his worst enemy', the faithful trustee of his estate treating his children with parental kindness and interesting him-self, in the first instance, to save his life, but resolutely fixed on keeping him in prison and urging the Supreme Court to distrust all his protestations. His life must now be dismally monotonous and wearisome. Though a Brahmin of high caste and so long a minister of state and the commander of armies, he can neither write nor read, and his whole amusement consists in the ceremonies of his idolatry, his garden, and the gossip which his servants pick up for him in the town of Chunar. Avarice seems at present his ruling passion. He is a very severe inspector of his weekly accounts, and one day set the whole garrison in an uproar about some ghee which he accused his Khansaman of embezzling; in short he seems less interested with the favourable reports which he from time to time receives of his family, than with the banking accounts by which they are accompanied. Much as he is said to deserve his fate, as a murderer, an extortioner, and a grossly perjured man, I hope I may be allowed to pity him.

January 8, 1825.—I heard this morning an account which interested and amused me, of the manner in which the Maharatta chief, Trimbukjee, whom I saw a prisoner at Chunar, had effected his escape from the British the first time he was seized by them. He was kept in custody at Tannah, near Bombay; and while there, a common-looking Maharatta groom, with a good character in his hand, came to offer his services to the commanding officer. He was accepted, and had to keep his horse under the window of Trimbukjee's prison. Nothing remarkable was observed in his conduct, except a more than usual attention to his horse, and a habit, while currying and cleaning him, of singing verses of Maharatta songs, all apparently relating to his trade. At length Trimbukjee disappeared, and the groom followed him; on which it was recollected that his singing had been made up of verses like the following:

'Behind the bush the bowmen hide,
The horse beneath the tree;
Where shall I find a knight will ride
The jungle paths with me?

There are five and fifty coursers there,
And four and fifty men;
When the fifty-fifth shall mount his steed,
The Deckan thrives again!'

This might have been a stratagem of the Scottish border, so complete a similarity of character and incident does a resemblance of habit and circumstance produce among mankind.

Begum Sumroo

December 20, 1824.—I observed this morning, at the gate of Mr. Fisher's compound, a sentry in the strict oriental costume of turban and long caftan, but armed with musket and bayonet, like our own sepoys. He said he was one of the Begum Sumroo's[1] regiment, out of which she is bound to furnish a certain number for the police of Meerut and its neighbourhood. Her residence is in the centre of her own jaghire at Sirdhana, about twelve coss from Meerut; but she has a house in this place where she frequently passes a considerable time together. She is a very little, queer-looking old woman, with brilliant but wicked eyes, and the remains of beauty in her features. She is possessed of considerable talent and readiness in conversation, but only speaks Hindoostanee. Her soldiers and people, and the generality of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, pay her much respect, on account both of her supposed wisdom and her courage, she having, during the Maharatta wars, led, after her husband's death, his regiment very gallantly into action, herself riding at their head into a heavy fire of the enemy. She is, however, a sad tyranness; and, having the power of life and death within her own little territory, several stories are told of her cruelty and the noses and ears which she orders to be cut off. One relation of this

1. Begum Sumroo was a very curious and interesting character. See Mrs. Sherwood's *Autobiography*, the *Private Journal* of the Marquess of Hastings, Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections*, and H. G. Keene's *Hindustan under Free Lances*. Sir Walter Scott no doubt took some traits in her character to create the Begum Montreville in *The Surgeon's Daughter*, and particularly refers to the story of cruelty mentioned by Heber.

kind, according to native reports, on which reliance, however, can rarely be placed, is very horrid. One of her dancing-girls had offended her—how I have not heard. The Begum ordered the poor creature to be immured alive in a small vault prepared for the purpose, under the pavement of the saloon where the natch was then celebrating, and being aware that her fate excited much sympathy and horror in the minds of the servants and soldiers of her palace, and apprehensive that they would open the tomb and rescue the victim as soon as her back was turned, she saw the vault bricked up before her own eyes, then ordered her bed to be placed directly over it, and lay there for several nights, till the last faint moans had ceased to be heard, and she was convinced that hunger and despair had done their work. This woman calls herself a Christian, of the Roman Catholic faith, which was that of her husband Summers. ('Sumroo' is the Hindoostanee pronuncement of the German surname). She has a Roman Catholic priest as her chaplain, and has lately begun to build a very large and handsome church at Sirdhana, which will rival, if not excel, that of Meerut in size and architectural beauty.

December 27.—I received a present of fruit from the Begum Sumroo together with a civil message, expressing a hope to see me at Sirdhana, to which I returned an answer in an English letter. Though she herself does not understand the language, she has many people about her who do, particularly Colonel Bryce[1] who acts as a sort of resident at her court.

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1. Mistake for 'Dyce'.

THE GUICWAR

March, 1825.—The guicwar[1] is said to be a man of talent, who governs his states himself, his minister having very little weight with him, and governs them well and vigorously. His error is too great a fondness for money, but, as he found the state involved in debt, even this seems excusable. His territory is altogether considerable, both in Cutch, Catteywar, and Guzerat, though strangely intersected, and cut up by the territories of Britain, Sindia, and several independent rajas. Those of Lunewarra and Doongurpoor, which used to hold of Sindia, now pay him tribute also, as do the Rajas of Palhanpoor and Catteywar. Still his income, amounting to no less than eighty lacs, or nearly 800,000*l*., exceeds greatly anything which might have been expected from the surface under his rule and the wild and jungly nature of some parts of it, and can only be accounted for by the remarkable population and fertility of those districts which are really productive. Out of these revenues he has only three thousand irregular horse to pay, his subsidiary force being provided for out of the ceded territory, and he is therefore, probably, in more flourishing circumstances and possesses more real power than any sovereign of India except Runjeet Singh.[2] Sindia and, perhaps, the Raja of Mysore might have been excepted, but the former, though with three times his extent of territory, has a very imperfect control over the greater part of it, and, indeed, cannot govern his own house: and the latter is, apparently, intent on nothing but amusing himself,

1. Siyajee Guicwar, who succeeded to the throne in 1819.
2. Founder of the Sikh empire.

and wasting his income on costly follies of state-coaches and gimcracks, to which the guicwar wisely prefers the manner of living usual with his ancestors.

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In the evening we went, in all the state which we could muster, to pay our visit to the guicwar, who received us, with the usual Eastern forms, in a long narrow room, approached by a very mean and steep staircase. The hall itself was hung with red cloth, adorned with a great number of paltry English prints, lamps, and wall-shades, and with a small fountain in the centre. At the upper end were cushions piled on the ground as his highness's musnud, with chairs placed in a row on his left hand for the resident and his party. The evening went off in the usual form, with nach girls, Persian musicians, etc., and the only things particularly worthy of notice were that his highness went through the form of giving the resident and myself a private audience in his own study, a little hot room up sundry pair of stairs, with a raised sofa, a punkah, and other articles of European comfort, as well as two large mirrors, a print of Buonaparte, and another of the Duke of Wellington. He there showed me a musical snuff-box with a little bird, in which he seemed to take much pride, and an imperfect but handsome copy of the Shah Nameh, of which he desired me to accept. The rest of our conversation consisted of inquiries after the Governor-General, the war, the distance from Calcutta, and other such princely topics, till, a reasonable time for our consultation having elapsed, we returned downstairs again. The next thing that struck me was the manner in which the heir-apparent, the little

boy before mentioned, made his appearance in the durbar, announced by nearly the same acclamations as his father, and salaaming, as he advanced, to the persons of rank, with almost equal grace and more than equal gravity. After bending very low and touching the ground before his father's seat, he went up to Mr. Williams with the appearance of great pleasure, climbed upon his knee, and asked him for a pencil and paper, with which he began to scribble much like my own dear little girl. The third circumstance I remarked was the general unconstrained and even lively conversation which was carried on between the raja, his courtiers, and Mr. Williams, who talked about their respective hunting feats, the merits of their elephants, etc., much as, *mutatis mutandis,* a party in England might have done. The raja was anxious to know whether I had observed his rhinoceros and his hunting tigers, and offered to show me a day's sport with the last or to bait an elephant for me, a cruel amusement, which is here not uncommon. He had a long rallying dispute with one of the thakoors as to an elephant which, the raja said, the thakoor had promised to give him for this sport; and I do not think he understood my motives for declining to be present at it. A Mussulman, however, who sat near him, seemed pleased by my refusal, said it was 'very good', and asked me if any of the English clergy attended such sports. I said it was a maxim with most of us to do no harm to any creature needlessly; which was, he said, the doctrine of their learned men also Mr. Williams told me that this sort of conversation, which was very little disturbed by the most strenuous efforts which the

poor singers and dancing-girls could make to attract attention, was characteristic of a Maharatta durbar, and that he had known the most serious business carried on by fits and starts in the midst of all this seeming levity. At last, about eight o'clock, the raja told us that he would keep us from our dinner no longer; and the usual presents were brought in, which were, however, much more valuable than any which I had seen, and evidently of a kind very few of which were within the compass of my redeeming from the Company. About nine we got back to dinner, hungry enough, and a little tired, but for my own part both amused and interested.

Swaamee Narain, A Hindu Guru

March, 1825.—The districts of Cutch and Catteywar have ever been, more or less, in a state of rebellion; and neither the regency of the former state, nor the guicwar, as feudal sovereign of the latter, nor the English Government in the districts adjoining to both which are under their control, have ever got through a year without one or more sieges of different forts or fastnesses.

Some good had been done, Mr. Williamson said, among many of these wild people, by the preaching and popularity of the Hindoo reformer, Swaamee Narain,[1] who had been mentioned to me at Baroda. His morality was said to be

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1. Born in Chhapia village in the United Provinces, Swami Narain was known originally as Sahajanand. He migrated to Gadhada in Guzerat, and became a learned Sanskrit scholar and ascetic. He died at Gadhada in 1830. He is now worshipped as an incarnation of Krishna. At Gadhada is a large temple, erected in his honour. There are also memorials in Ahmadabad and Muli.

far better than any which could be learned from the Shaster. He preached a great degree of purity, forbidding his disciples so much as to look on any woman whom they passed. He condemned theft and bloodshed; and those villages and districts which had received him, from being among the worst, were now among the best and most orderly in the provinces. Nor was this all, insomuch as he was said to have destroyed the yoke of caste, to have preached one God, and, in short, to have made so considerable approaches to the truth, that I could not but hope he might be an appointed instrument to prepare the way for the Gospel.

While I was listening with much interest to Mr. Williamson's account of this man, six persons came to the tent, four in the dress of peasants or bunyans; one, a young man, with a large white turban, and the quilted lebada[1] of a Coolie, but clean and decent, with a handsome sword and shield, and other marks of rustic wealth; and the sixth, an old Mussulman, with a white beard, and pretty much the appearance, dress, and manner of an ancient serving-man. After offering some sugar and sweetmeats as their nuzzur, and, as usual, sitting down on the ground, one of the peasants began, to my exceeding surprise and delight, 'Pundit Swaamee Narain sends his salam', and proceeded to say that the person whom I so much desired to see was in the neighbourhood and asked permission to call on me next day. I, of course, returned a favourable answer, and stated with truth, that I greatly desired his acquaintance and had heard much good of him. I asked if they were his disciples, and was answered in

1. Cloak.

the affirmative. The first spokesman told me that the young man now in company was the eldest son of a coolie thakoor,[1] whose father was one of the pundit's great friends, that he was himself a Rajpoot and a ryut, that the old man in green was a Mussulman sepoy in the thakoor's service, and sent to attend on his young master. He added that, though of different castes, they were all disciples of Swaamee Narain, and taught to regard each other as brethren. They concluded by asking me when I was to go next day, and appointed, in their teacher's name, that he would visit me at Nerriad in the forenoon; they then took their leave, I having first embraced the thakoor, and sent my salam both to his father and to his gooroo.

March 26, 1825.—About eleven o'clock I had the expected visit from Swaamee Narain, to my interview with whom I had looked forward with an anxiety and eagerness which, if he had known it, would perhaps have flattered him. He came in a somewhat different style from all which I expected, having with him near two hundred horsemen, mostly well armed with matchlocks and swords, and several of them with coats of mail and spears. Besides them he had a large rabble on foot, with bows and arrows; and when I considered that I had myself more than fifty horse and fifty musquets and bayonets, I could not help smiling, though my sensations were in some degree painful and humiliating, at the idea of two religious teachers meeting at the head of little armies, and filling the city, which was the scene of their interview, with the rattling of quivers, the clash of

1. Lord or chief.

shields, and the tramp of the war-horse. Had our troops been opposed to each other, mine, though less numerous, would have been, doubtless, far more effective, from the superiority of arms and discipline. But, in moral grandeur, what a difference was there between his troop and mine! Mine neither knew me, nor cared for me; they escorted me faithfully and would have defended me bravely, because they were ordered by their superiors to do so, and as they would have done for any other stranger of sufficient worldly rank to make such an attendance usual. The guards of Swaamee Narain were his own disciples and enthusiastic admirers, men who had voluntarily repaired to hear his lessons, who now took a pride in doing him honour, and who would cheerfully fight to the last drop of blood rather than suffer a fringe of his garment to be handled roughly. In the parish of Hodnet[1] there were once, perhaps, a few honest country-men who felt something like this for me; but how long a time must elapse before any Christian teacher in India can hope to be thus loved and honoured! Yet surely there is some encouragement to patient labour which a Christian minister may derive from the success of such men as these in India,—inasmuch as where others can succeed in obtaining a favourable hearing for doctrines in many respects at variance with the general and received system of Hindooism, the time may surely be expected, through God's blessing, when *our* endeavours also may receive their fruit, and our hitherto almost barren Church may 'keep house and be a joyful mother of children'.

1. Heber had held the living of Hodnet, in Shropshire, before coming to India.

The armed men who attended Swaamee Narain were under the authority, as it appeared, of a venerable old man, of large stature, with a long grey beard and most voluminous turban, the father of the young thakoor who had called on me the day before. He came into the room first, and, after the usual embrace, introduced the holy man himself, who was a middle-sized, thin, plain-looking person, about my own age, with a mild and diffident expression of countenance, but nothing about him indicative of any extraordinary talent. I seated him on a chair at my right hand and offered two more to the thakoor and his son, of which, however, they did not avail themselves without first placing their hands under the feet of their spiritual guide and then pressing them reverently to their foreheads. Others of the principal disciples, to the number of twenty or thirty, seated themselves on the ground, and several of my own Mussulman servants, who seemed much interested in what was going on, thrust in their faces at the door or ranged themselves behind me. After the usual mutual compliments, I said that I had heard much good of him and the good doctrine which he preached among the poor people of Guzerat, and that I greatly desired his acquaintance; that I regretted that I knew Hindoostanee so imperfectly, but that I should be very glad, so far as my knowledge of the language allowed and by the interpretation of friends, to learn what he believed on religious matters and to tell him what I myself believed; and that if he would come and see me at Kairah, where we should have more leisure, I would have a tent pitched for him and treat him like a brother. I said this because I was very earnestly desirous of getting him a copy of the

Scriptures, of which I had none with me, in the Nagree character, and persuading him to read them; and because I had some further hopes of inducing him to go with me to Bombay, where I hoped that, by conciliatory treatment and the conversations to which I might introduce him with the Church Missionary Society established in that neighbourhood, I might do him more good than I could otherwise hope to do.

I saw that both he and, still more, his disciples were highly pleased by the invitation which I gave him: but he said, in reply, that his life was one of very little leisure; that he had 5,000 disciples now attending on his preaching in the neighbouring villages, and nearly 50,000 in different parts of Guzerat; that a great number of these were to assemble together in the course of next week on occasion of his brother's son coming of age, to receive the Brahminical string; but that if I stayed long enough in the neighbourhood to allow him to get this engagement over, he would gladly come again to see me. 'In the meantime,' I said, 'have you any objection to communicate some part of your doctrine now?' It was evidently what he came to do, and his disciples very visibly exulted in the opportunity of his, perhaps, converting me. He began, indeed, well, professing to believe in one only God, the Maker of all things in heaven and earth, who filled all space, upheld and governed all things, and more particularly dwelt in the hearts of those who diligently sought him; but he alarmed me by calling the God whom he worshipped Krishna, and by saying that he came down to earth in ancient times, had been put to death by wicked men through magic, and that since his time many false

revelations had been pretended and many false divinities set up. This declaration, I say, alarmed me, because, notwithstanding the traits of resemblance which it bore to the history of our Lord, traits which are in fact to be found in the midst of all the uncleanness and folly in the popular legends respecting Krishna, I did not like the introduction of a name so connected with many obscene and monstrous follies.[1] I observed, therefore, that I always had supposed that Hindoos called the God and Father of all, not Krishna, but Brihm[2], and I wished, therefore, to know whether his God was Brihm, or somebody distinct from him. The name of Brihm appeared to cause great sensation among his disciples, of whom some whispered with each other, and one or two nodded and smiled, as if to say, 'That is the very name.' The pundit also smiled and bowed, and with the air of a man who is giving instruction to a willing and promising pupil, said, 'A true word it is that there is only one God, who is above all and in all things, and by whom all things are. Many names there may be, and have been, given to him who *is* and is *the same,* but whom we also, as well as the other Hindoos, call Brihm. But there is a spirit in whom God is more especially, and who cometh from God, and is with God, and is likewise God, who hath made known to men the will of the God and Father

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1. Krishna is one of the great *avatars* of Vishnu. Heber is here referring to the stories of Krishna's being the beloved of all the *Gopis* or milkmaids. Their love, however, was symbolic. It is common for Vaishnavites to describe the love of a devotee for God as analogous to the love of a wife for her husband.

2. Brahm, the All-Pervading.

of all, whom we call Krishna and worship as God's image, and believe to be the same as the sun, "Surya".'

I now thought a fair opportunity was given me, and said, with rather more fluency than I had hoped to do, 'O pundit, it is a true saying and to be received of all men, that God is everywhere; that there is no other besides him, that he dwells in the heart, and prompts every good thought and word.' 'Ullah Acbar!' said one of the Mussulmans. 'It is also true, as you have well said, that it is by his Word, whom we call his Son, who is with the Father, and in whom the Father dwells, that the invisible God has made himself and his will known to mankind.' Here one of the Mussulmans left the room; perceiving which, and being anxious to keep the remainder a little longer, I said, addressing the old Mussulman sepoy who came with the thakoor, 'You, sir, know what I mean, for you know what Mohammed has written of Jesus, the son of Mary, that he was the Breath of God, and born of a virgin. But is not the breath of a man the son of his mouth? Is not the word of a man his breath, reduced to form and produced by him? When, therefore, we say that Jesus, son of Mary, is the Son of God, we mean that he is his Word, his Breath, proceeding from him, and one with him from all eternity. But we cannot believe,' I returned to the pundit, 'that the sun which we see in the sky can be either God or that Word who is one with Him, since the sun rises and sets, is sometimes on this side of the world, and sometimes on that. But God is everywhere at once, and fills all things.' The pundit replied, if I understood him right, that the sun is not God, but even as God for brightness and glory.

But he said that their belief was, that there had been many avatars of God in different lands, one to the Christians, another to the Mussulmans, another to the Hindoos in time past, adding something like a hint, that another avatar of Krishna, or the Sun, had taken place in himself. I answered, 'O Punditjee! God has spoken in many ways and at many times by prophets; but it is hard to believe that a single avatar might not be sufficient for the whole world. But on this and many other points, we may, if it please God, talk hereafter.' I then asked if he could read the Persian character, and on his answering in the negative, I expressed my concern that I had no copies of our Sacred Books with me in the Nagree, but said that if he would accept a volume or two, by way of keeping me in his remembrance, I would send them to him either from Kairah or Bombay. I then asked him in what way he and his followers worshipped God, and finding that the question seemed to perplex him, I made Abdullah read the Lord's Prayer in Hindoostanee to show what I meant, and as a specimen of what we repeated daily. I found, however, that he supposed me to ask in what form they worshipped God, and he therefore unrolled a large picture in glaring colours, of a naked man with rays proceeding from his face like the sun, and two women fanning him; the man white, the women black. I asked him how that could be the God who filled everything and was everywhere. He answered that it was not God himself, but the picture or form in which God dwelt in his heart: I told him, as well as I could (for to say the truth my fluency had begun to fail), what Christians and Mussulmans thought as to the worship

of images; but did not decline receiving some paltry little prints of his divinity in various attitudes, which I said I should value as keepsakes. I asked about castes, to which he answered, that he did not regard the subject as of much importance, but that he wished not to give offence; that people might eat separately or together in this world, but that above, 'oopur', pointing to heaven, those distinctions would cease, where we should be all 'ek ekhee jat' (one like another). A little further conversation of no great consequence followed, which was ended by my giving attar and pawn to the pundit, the two thakoors, and some of the other more distinguished disciples, whom he pointed out to me. We mutually took down each other's names in writing, I again pressed him to let me see him once more before I left the country, which he promised if possible; and we bade adieu with much mutual good-will, and a promise of praying for each other, which by God's help I mean to keep. On the whole it was plain that his advances towards truth had not yet been so great as I had been told, but it was also apparent that he had obtained a great power over a wild people, which he used at present to a good purpose; and though I feared to alarm him by beginning too rashly, I could not but earnestly desire further means and opportunity of putting him in a yet better way than he was now pursuing; but I thought from all which I saw that it would be no advantage to ask him to accompany me to Bombay.

I forgot to mention in its proper place that during my continuance in Kairah, I received a petition from Swaamee Narain, which, unfortunately, marked but too clearly the

smallness of his advances beyond the usual limits of Hindooism. It was written in very good English, but signed by him in Nagree, and was brought to me by two of the persons whom I had seen among his disciples. Its purport was to request my influence with Government to obtain an endowment for a temple which he was building to Luckshmee Narain, the goddess of plenty, and also for a hospital and place of reception which he wished to institute in the same neighbourhood, for pilgrims and poor travellers. I was at some pains to explain to these people that I was only a traveller and with no authority in the Government, and that, as being a Christian, I could not attempt anything which was to encourage the worship of images. I told them, however, that I would convey their petition to Mr. Elphinstone, so far as regarded the alms-house and relief of poor travellers, and that I would report, as I was bound to do, the good account which I heard from all quarters of the system of morals preached by Swaamee Narain and acted on by his disciples. From Mr. Ironside, who knows him well, and who speaks very favourably of him, I found that when expostulated with on the worship of images, the pundit often expressed his conviction of their vanity, but pleaded that he feared to offend the prejudices of the people too suddenly, and that, for ignorant and carnal minds, such outward aids to devotion were necessary. These opinions are indeed no more than some Christians of the Romish Church express; but since I have heard them, I confess I have thought less favourably of his simplicity and honesty of character, and have entertained fewer hopes of being able to render him any spiritual

service. Still, as loosening prejudices, his ministry may, by God's mercy, be useful to his countrymen.

The Raja of Tanjore

I have been passing the last four days in the society of a Hindoo prince, the Raja of Tanjore[1] who quotes Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Linnaeus, and Buffon[2] fluently, has formed a more accurate judgment of the poetical merits of Shakspeare than that so felicitously expressed by Lord Byron, and has actually emitted English poetry very superior indeed to Rousseau's epitaph on Shenstone, at the same time that he is much respectd by the English officers in his neighbourhood as a real good judge of a horse, and a cool, bold, and deadly shot at a tiger. The truth is that he is an extraordinary man, who, having in early youth received such an education as old Schwartz,[3] the celebrated missionary, could give him, has ever since continued, in the midst of many disadvantages, to preserve his taste for, and extend his knowledge of, European literature, while he has never neglected the active exercises and frank soldierly bearing which become the descendant of the old Maharatta conquerors, and by which only, in the present state of things, he has it in his power

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1. Maharaja Sarbojee's vast library, both of Oriental and European literature, remains as a lasting proof of his taste and learning. Heber, on his return from a visit to Sarbojee, said, 'I have seen many crowned heads, but not one whose deportment was more princely.'

2. Chemists and naturalists.

3. The famous German missionary (1726-1798). In India he enjoyed the friendly support of the British Government, who sometimes employed him on political missions.

to gratify the prejudices of his people and prolong his popularity among them. Had he lived in the days of Hyder, he would have been a formidable ally or enemy, for he is, by the testimony of all in his neighbourhood, frugal, bold, popular, and insinuating. At present, with less power than an English nobleman, he holds his head high, and appears contented; and the print of Buonaparte, which hangs in his library, is so neutralized by that of Lord Hastings in full costume, that it can do no harm to anybody. To finish the portrait of Maha Raja Sarbojee, I should tell you that he is a strong-built and very handsome middle-aged man, with eyes and nose like a fine hawk, and very bushy grey mustachios, generally splendidly dressed but with no effeminacy of ornament, and looking and talking more like a favourable specimen of a French general officer than any other object of comparison which occurs to me. His son, Raja Sewajee (so named after their great ancestor), is a pale, sickly-looking lad of seventeen, who also speaks English, but imperfectly, and on whose account his father lamented, with much apparent concern, the impossibility which he found of obtaining any tolerable instruction in Tanjore. I was moved at this, and offered to take him in my present tour, and afterwards to Calcutta, where he might have apartments in my house, and be introduced into good English society; at the same time that I would superintend his studies, and procure for him the best masters which India affords. The father and son, in different ways, the one catching at the idea with great eagerness, the other as if he were afraid to say all he wished, seemed both very well pleased with the proposal. Both, however, on consulting together, expressed a doubt of the mother's

concurrence, and accordingly, next day, I had a very civil message through the resident, that the rannee had already lost two sons, that this survivor was a sickly boy, that she was sure he would not come back alive and it would kill her to part with him, but that all the family joined in gratitude, etc. So poor Sewajee must chew betel and sit in the zennanah, and pursue the other amusements of the common race of Hindoo princes, till he is gathered to those heroic forms who, girded with long swords, with hawks on their wrists, and garments like those of the king of spades (whose portrait painter, as I guess, has been retained by this family), adorn the principal room in this place. Sarbojee, the father, has not trusted his own immortality to records like these. He has put up a colossal marble statue of himself, by Flaxman, in one of his halls of audience, and his figure is introduced on the monument, also by Flaxman, which he has raised in the mission church to the memory of his tutor Schwartz, as grasping the hand of the dying saint and receiving his blessing.

BRITISH ADMINISTRATORS

CLEVELAND AND THE PUHARREES

August, 1824.—The people of these mountains, and of all the hilly country between this place and Burdwan, are a race distinct from those of the plain in features, language, civilization, and religion. They have no castes, care nothing for the Hindoo deities, and are even said to have no idols. They are still more naked than the Hindoo peasants, and live chiefly by the chase, for which they are provided with bows and arrows, few of them having fire-arms. Their villages are very small and wretched, but they pay no taxes and live under their own chiefs under British protection. A deadly feud existed, till within the past forty years, between them and the cultivators of the neighbouring lowlands, they being untamed thieves and murderers, continually making forays, and the Mohammedan zemindars killing them like mad dogs or tigers, whenever they got them within gunshot. An excellent young man of the name of Cleveland, judge and magistrate of Boglipoor, undertook to remedy this state of things; he rigorously forbade, and promptly punished, all violence from zemindars (who were often the aggressors) against the Puharrees (mountaineers); he got some of these last to enter his service, and took pains to attach them to him and to learn their language. He made shooting parties into the mountains, treating kindly all whom he could get to approach him, and established regular bazaars at the villages nearest them, where

he encouraged them to bring down, for sale, game, millet, wax, hides, and honey, all which their hills produce in great abundance. He gave them wheat and barley for seed and encouraged their cultivation by the assurance that they should not be taxed, and that nobody but their own chiefs should be their zemindars. And, to please them still further, and at the same time to keep them in effectual order, and to bring them more into contact with their civilized neighbours, he raised a corps of sepoys from among them, which he stationed at Siciligully, and which enabled him not only to protect the peaceable part of them but to quell any disturbances which might arise, with a body of troops accustomed to mountain warfare. This good and wise man died in 1784, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. A monument was raised to his memory near Boglipoor, at the joint expense of the highland chiefs and lowland zemindars, which still remains in good repair, having been endowed by them with some lands for its maintenance. A garrison of these mountaineers, which was then kept up at Sicligully, has been since discontinued, the corps being considerably reduced in numbers, and partly quartered at Boglipoor, partly during the late call for men at Berhampoor. Archdeacon Corrie's principal business at Boglipoor was to learn whether any encouragement existed for forming a mission among these people. Their being free from the yoke of caste seems to make them less unlikely to receive the Gospel than the bigoted inhabitants of the plains.

Sicligully is a little town or rather village, of straw huts, with the ruinous bungalow and ruinous barracks of

Mr. Cleveland's corps, at the base of a high rocky eminence at an angle of the Ganges, and commanding a fine view of two ranges of hills, that which we had been approaching, and another which now opened on us. The shore is rocky and the country rises gradually in a succession of hill and dale, to the mountains distant about three or more miles. The rocky eminence which I mentioned is quite insulated, and rather higher than the Red Castle Cliff at Hawkstone, which from the fine timber growing on and round it, it a good deal resembles. I saw some ruins on the top and concluded a fort had been there, but on inquiry I found that they were the remains of the tomb of a Mussulman saint, one of the conquerors of Bengal and as devout as he was valiant.[1]

August 10.—I arrived at Boglipoor, or Bhangulpoor, about seven o'clock in the morning, and found, to my great joy, my friends the Corries still there, established very comfortably in the circuit-house (a bungalow provided in each of the minor stations for the district judges when on their circuit), which had been lent them by the judge and magistrate, Mr. Chalmers. I breakfasted with them, and went afterwards with Mr. Chalmers to see the objects principally worth notice—the gaol, a very neat and creditable building, with no less than six wards for the classification of the prisoners, Mr. Cleveland's house and monument, and a school established for the Puharrees by Lord Hastings. Mr. Cleveland's monument is in the form of a Hindoo mut, in a pretty situation, on a green hill. The land with which it was endowed is rented by government, and the cutchery, magistrate's

1. The mausoleum of Makhdum Shah, erected in 1615.

house, circuit-house, etc., are built on it, the rent being duly appropriated to the repair of the building. As being raised to the memory of a Christian, this last is called by the natives 'Grigi' (church), and they still meet once a year in considerable numbers and have a handsome 'Poojah', or religious spectacle, in honour of his memory.[1]

The school is adjoining to the lines, and occupies a large and neat bungalow, one room in which is the lodging of the school-master, a very interesting and intelligent half-caste youth; the other, with a large verandah all round, was, when I saw it, filled with Puharree Sepoys and their sons, who are all taught to read, write, and cipher in the Kythee character, which is that used by the lower classes in this district for their common intercourse, accounts, etc., and differs from the Devanagree about as much as the written character of Western Europe does from its printed. In the Kythee I heard several both men and boys, read fluently, and I could understand their Hindoostanee very well. They are described as quick and intelligent, fond of learning, and valuing themselves on their acquirements. This school was originally set on foot by Cleveland, but till Lord Hastings's visit had been shamefully neglected by his successors in office. It was revived by Lord Hastings, and is now very carefully and judiciously attended to by the adjutant, Captain Graham, an intelligent Scots officer, on whom the whole management of the corps has, for the last five years, devolved, the commanding officer, Captain Montgomerie, being in the last stage of a decline. The corps consisted originally of one thousand three hundred men, who for

1. Mentioned by Thackeray in his *George IV*.

many years were armed with their country weapons—the bow and arrow. And it is an instance of Cleveland's sound judgment and discrimination, that he named for their first native commandant, in opposition to the remonstrances and intreaties of the zemindars of the place, a chief named Jowrah, who was the Rob Roy, or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, the Roderic Dhu of the Rajmahals, the most popular of all others among his own countrymen, and the most dreaded by the lowlanders. The choice was fully justified by the event, Jowrah having remained through life a bold, active, and faithful servant of the Company in different enterprises against outlaws, both in the Ramghur hills and his own mountains. After some years the men were armed with muskets instead of bows, and are now in all respects on the same footing with other native regiments and equally available for general service. It had become a mere rabble, addicted to all sorts of vice and disorder, till Lord Hastings placed them on their present footing. In the first instance, he proposed to arm two companies with rifles, but the men disliked the service exceedingly, having a great objection to wear green; they now therefore are fusiliers, but trained to light infantry manœuvres, in which they are said to excel. Their numbers, however, are reduced from one thousand three hundred to seven hundred, of whom two hundred are not genuine mountaineers but Hindoos from the plain, a mixture which is not found advantageous to the former, and which must, from their superstitions, materially impede the efficiency of the unfettered and unprejudiced Puharee: these last are said to be admirably adapted for soldiers and to be very fond of the profession. Having no caste and eating any food indiscrimi-

nately, they would be available for foreign service at a shorter notice than any Hindoo could be; accustomed to mountains and jungles, they would be extremely valuable on the eastern and northern frontier, as well as on the Nerbuddah and in Berar, and in the possible event of any general insurrection in India, it might be of great political importance to have a force of native troops who prefer (as these do) the English to the Hindoos, and whose native country occupies a strong and central place in the British territory—a sort of little Tyrol.

At the school I met the present native commandant, one of Mr. Cleveland's surviving pupils, an old man, much reverenced by his countrymen, and who passes a great deal of his time there, being extremely proud of his people, and interested in their improvement. He has also the character of a smart and intelligent soldier. His influence has been very valuable in getting the school together again, much pains having been taken by a Portuguese or two in the neighbourhood to dissuade the Puharrees from attending, or sending their children. Even now, though many of the younger children of the mountain chiefs are sent, the eldest sons are kept away, owing to a notion circulated among them by these people that they would forfeit the reversion of their pensions by receiving any benefit from the Company of another kind. This is an utter mistake, which Mr. Chalmers hopes to rectify, but it has already done some harm. Captain Graham is very popular among them, and, by all which I hear, most deservedly so; and when once or twice he has talked of leaving them for some other regiment, they have expressed exceeding distress and concern. Those whom I

saw were middle-sized or rather little men, but extremely well made, with remarkably broad chests, long arms, and have broad faces, small eyes, and flattish or rather turned-up noses; but the Chinese or Malay character of their features, from whom they are said to be descended, is lost in a great degree on close inspection. I confess they reminded me of the Welsh; the expression of their countenances is decidedly cheerful and intelligent, and I thought two or three of their women whom I saw really pretty, with a sort of sturdy smartness about them which I have not seen in their lowland neighbours. These tribes have a regular administration of justice among themselves, by the ancient Hindoo institution of a 'Punchaet', or jury of five old men in every village, and, as I mentioned before, they remain free from all taxes and are under the government of their own chiefs, but in all other respects they were great sufferers by Mr. Cleveland's death; all his plans for teaching them the simple manufactures, as well as for furnishing them with seeds and implements of husbandry, fell with him. Even the school was dropped. The pensions which had been promised to the Hill chiefs in consideration of their maintaining peace and the authority of the Company in their districts, though regularly paid by the supreme government, never reached their destination, being embezzled on various pretences; and the old encroachments of the zemindars on their frontiers were allowed to be renewed with impunity. The only man who, during this interval, appears to have done his duty towards these people was Lieutenant (after Colonel) Shaw, who was appointed to the command of the rangers in 1787, and whose memory is still highly respected by them. He

published an account (which I have not seen) of their customs in an early volume of the *Asiatic Researches*.

THE HON. MR. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

August, 1825.—Above all, however, I had enjoyed, in the unremitting kindness, the splendid hospitality, and agreeable conversation of Mr. Elphinstone, the greatest pleasure of the kind which I have ever enjoyed either in India or in Europe.

Mr. Elphinstone is, in every respect, an extraordinary man, possessing great activity of body and mind, remarkable talent for and application to public business, a love of literature, and a degree of almost universal information such as I have met with in no other person similarly situated, and manners and conversation of the most amiable and interesting character. Whiie he has seen more of India and the adjoining countries than any man now living, and has been engaged in active political, and sometimes military, duties since the age of eighteen, he has found time not only to cultivate the languages of Hindoostan and Persia, but to preserve and extend his acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, with the French and Italian, with all the elder and more distinguished English writers, and with the current and popular literature of the day, both in poetry, history, politics, and political economy. With these remarkable accomplishments, and notwithstanding a temperance amounting to rigid abstinence, he is fond of society, and it is a common subject of surprise with his friends, at what hours of the day or night he finds time for the acquisition of knowledge. His policy, so far as India

is concerned, appeared to me peculiarly wise and liberal, and he is evidently attached to, and thinks well of, the country and its inhabitants. His public measures, in their general tendency, evince a steady wish to improve their present condition. No government in India pays so much attention to schools and public institutions for education. In none are the taxes lighter, and in the administration of justice to the natives in their own languages, in the establishment of punchaets, in the degree in which he employs the natives in official situations, and the countenance and familiarity which he extends to all the natives of rank who approach him, he seems to have reduced to practice almost all the reforms which had struck me as most required in the system of government pursued in those provinces of our Eastern Empire which I had previously visited. His popularity (though to such a feeling there may be individual exceptions) appears little less remarkable than his talents and acquirements, and I was struck by the remark I once heard, that 'all other public men had their enemies and their friends, their admirers and their aspersors, but that of Mr. Elphinstone everybody spoke highly.' Of his munificence, for his liberality amounts to this, I had heard much, and knew some instances myself.

With regard to the free press, I was curious to know the motives or apprehensions which induced Mr. Elphinstone to be so decidedly opposed to it in this country. In discussing the topic he was always open and candid, acknowledged that the dangers ascribed to a free press in India had been exaggerated, but spoke of the exceeding inconvenience, and even danger, which arose

from the disunion and dissension which political discussion produced among the European officers at the different stations, the embarrassment occasioned to government by the exposure and canvass of all their measures by the Lentuli and Gracchi of a newspaper and his preference of decided and vigorous to half measures, where any restrictive measures at all were necessary. I confess that his opinion and experience are the strongest presumptions which I have yet met with in favour of the censorship.

A charge has been brought against Mr. Elphinstone by the indiscreet zeal of an amiable but not well-judging man, the 'field officer of cavalry', who published his Indian travels, that 'he is devoid of religion and blinded to all spiritual truth.'[1] I can only say that I saw no reason to think so. On the contrary, after this character which I had read of him, I was most agreeably surprised to find that his conduct and conversation, so far as I could learn, had been always moral and decorous; that he was regular in his attendance on public worship and not only well informed on religious topics but well pleased and forward to discuss them; that his views appeared to me on all essential subjects doctrinally correct, and his feelings serious and reverential; and that he was not onlv inclined

1. Elphinstone (1779-1859) was Governor of Bombay from 1820 to 1827. He had previously acted as interpreter to Col. Arthur Wellesley: been envoy to the King of Cabool; and defeated the last Peishwar at Kirkee (1817). In the opinion of the present editor, Thackeray meant to portray a good many of Elphinstone's qualities in the character of James Binnie in *The Necomes*. The allegation that Elphinstone was 'devoid of religion and blinded to all spiritual truth' is probably echoed in the attribution of 'dangerous principles' to Binnie in the novel.

to do, but actually did, more for the encouragement of Christianity and the suppression or diminution of suttee than any other Indian governor has ventured on. That he may have differed in some respects from the peculiar views of the author in question, I can easily believe, though he could hardly know himself in what this difference consisted, since I am assured that he had taken his opinion at second-hand and not from anything which Mr. Elphinstone either had said or done. But I have been unable to refrain from giving this light and imperfect account of the character of Mr. Elphinstone as it appeared to me, since I should be sorry to have it thought that one of the ablest and most amiable men I have ever met with were either a profligate or an unbeliever.

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During the hours that illness confined me to my room I had the advantage of reading the reports on the state of the Deckan by Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Chaplin, with a considerable volume of manuscript documents, and was thus enabled, better than I otherwise should have been, to acquire a knowledge of this new and important conquest. The country conquered from the Maharattas, with the exception of the principality of Sattara and some other smaller territories which still remained under their native sovereigns, is divided into several large districts, each under the management of a single officer, generally a military man with the title of Collector but exercising also the functions of judge of circuit and magistrate, while over all these is the chief Commissioner resident at Poonah and having a Collector

under him for that province, so as to be at liberty to attend to all the different districts, and bound to make an annual circuit through the greater part of them.

The simplicity of administration seems well suited to the circumstances of the country and the people, and two other very great, though incidental, good effects arise from it, inasmuch as, first, there is a greater number of subordinate but respectable and profitable situations open to the natives than can be the case under the system followed in Bengal; and, secondly, the abuses which seem inseparable from the regular Adawlut courts of justice have not been introduced here, but offences are tried and questions of property decided, in the first instance, by native punchaets, or juries assembled in the villages and under the authority of the potail or hereditary village chief, or, in graver and more difficult cases, by native pundits stationed with handsome salaries at Poonah and other great towns, whose decisions may be confirmed or revised by the Chief Commissioner. The advantages of this institution seem great; it is true, indeed, that many complaints are made of the listlessness, negligence, and delays of the native jurors or arbitrators (for the punchaet system resembles the latter of these characters rather than the former), but still the delay is apparently less than occurs under the Adawlut in our old provinces, while the reputation of the court, so far as integrity goes, is far better than that of the others. Eventually, too, these institutions, thus preserved and strengthened, may be of the greatest possible advantage to the country by

increasing public spirit, creating public opinion, and paving the way to the obtainment and profitable use of further political privileges.

The whole of the Deckan had for some years past, suffered greatly by drought and a consequent scarcity which, in the eastern districts, amounted, at this time, to absolute famine, with its dreadful attendant evils of pestilence and the weakening of all moralities. These calamities were not so much felt in the neighbourhood and to the west of Poonah; and everywhere, making due allowance for them, the country seemed to thrive under the present system of government. The burdens of the peasantry are said to be decidedly less in amount, and collected in a less oppressive manner, than under the old monarchy. The English name is, therefore, popular with all but those who are inevitably great losers by our coming—the courtiers of the Peishwa, such of the trades as lived by the splendour of his court and probably, though this does not appear, of the Brahmins. The great body of the Maharatta people are a very peaceable and simple peasantry, of frugal habits and gentle dispositions; there seems to be no district in India, of equal extent and population, where so few crimes are committed; and of the robberies and murders which really occur, the greatest part by far are the work of the Bheels, who, on these mountains, as well as in Central India, maintain a precarious and sanguinary independence, and are found less accessible to such means of conciliation as have yet been tried with them, than any of their more northern kindred.

The existence of private property in the soil seems generally admitted through these provinces and, as I am assured, through the southern parts of the peninsula. The Potails or headmen of the village are hereditary; the same is the case with the barber, watchman, Brahmin, etc. of each community, each of whom is endowed with his little glebe of land. The relation between the Ryut and the Potail I could not clearly learn, but it seemed plain that the latter could not at will displace the former from his farm, and that in the event of his not paying the fees due to himself or the crown, he has no remedy but in a legal process. The share taken by Government appears to be high, at least one-fifth, and this is settled by an annual valuation. Government express themselves very desirous to bring about a permanent settlement, but say that till they have more knowledge as to the land itself and its real proprietors, they should run a risk of doing a greater injustice and occasioning greater evils than any which they can reasonably apprehend under the present system.

Captain Todd

February, 1825.—All the provinces of Meywar were, for a considerable time after their connection with the British Government, under the administration of Captain Todd,[1] whose name appears to be held in a degree of affection and respect by all the upper and middling classes of society, highly honourable to him and sufficient to

1. Author of the Anglo-Indian classic, *The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan;* born 1782, died 1835. During part of his time in India, he was political agent over the five principal states of Rajasthan.

rescue these poor people from the often-repeated charge of ingratitude. Here and in our subsequent stages we were continually asked by the cutwals, etc. after 'Todd Sahib', whether his health was better since he returned to England, and whether there was any chance of their seeing him again. On being told it was not likely, they all expressed much regret, saying that the country had never known quiet till he came among them and that everybody, whether rich or poor, except thieves and Pindarrees, loved him. He, in fact, Dr. Smith told me, loved the people of this country, and understood their language and manners in a very unusual degree. He was on terms of close friendship with Zalim Singh of Kotah,[1] and has left a name there as honourable as in Oodeypoor. His misfortune was that, in consequence of his favouring the native princes so much, the Government of Calcutta were led to suspect him of corruption, and consequently to narrow his powers and associate other officers with him in his trust, till he was disgusted and resigned his place. They are now, I believe, well satisfied that their suspicions were groundless. Captain Todd is strenuously vindicated from the charge by all the officers with whom I have conversed, and some of whom have had abundant means of knowing what the natives themselves thought of him.

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1. Tod calls him 'the Machiavelli of Rajasthan'. He became Commander of Jhalawar State in 1758. Three years later, he helped the troops of Kotah to gain a victory over Jaipur.. Afterwards, falling into disfavour, he went to Udaipur and rendered excellent service to the Maharana. He subsequently returned to Kotah, and became regent.

Bheelwara is a large town without any splendid buildings, but with a number of neat houses, four long bazars, and a greater appearance of trade, industry, and moderate but widely-diffused wealth and comfort, than I had seen since I left Delhi. The streets were full of hackeries[1] laden with corn and flour; the shops stored with all kinds of woollen, felt, cotton, and hardware goods; and the neatness of their workmanship in iron far surpassed what I should have expected to see. Here, too, everybody was full of Captain Todd's praise. The place had been entirely ruined by Jumsheed Khan and deserted by all its inhabitants, when Captain Todd persuaded the tanah to adopt measures for encouraging the owners of land to return and foreign merchants to settle; he himself drew up a code of regulations for them, obtained them an immunity from taxes for a certain number of years, and sent them patterns of different articles of English manufacture for their imitation. He also gave money liberally to the beautifying their town. In short, as one of the merchants who called on me said, 'It ought to be called Todd-gunge, but there is no need, for we shall never forget him.' Such praise as this from people who had no further hopes of seeing or receiving any benefit from him, is indeed of sterling value.

Sir Thomas Munro

February, 1826.—It was very pleasant to hear Sir Charles Grey so universally spoken of with respect and affection; and, though I had not the same personal interest in his praise, it was interesting to find only one

1. Carts.

voice about Sir Thomas Munro,[1] whose talents, steadiness, and justice seemed admitted by everybody; he is a fine, dignified old soldier, with a very strong and original understanding, and a solid, practical judgment; he is excellently adapted for the situation which he holds; and his popularity is, perhaps, the more honourable to him, because his manners, though unaffected and simple, are reserved and grave, at least on a first acquaintance.

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Letter, dated Madras, March 7, 1826.—Nobody could be kinder or more considerate than both Sir Thomas Munro and Mr. Hill have shown themselves. They have assigned me a most comfortable set of tents, assigned me (what you will be glad to hear) a surgeon, Mr. Hyne, the deputy assay-master, said to be a very clever and agreeable man, and a young officer, Captain Harkness, by way of guide and to command the escort, who knows the language and country of Travancore well, besides lending me two saddle-horses and a small stock of plate, my own being, as they tell me, insufficient for the numbers of which my party will now consist. All this consideration is so much the kinder in Sir Thomas Munro, because he is now much occupied with domestic distress, Lady Munro being about to return to England with one of her

1. Sir Thomas Munro (1761-1827), one of the greatest of British-Indian administrators. Thackeray may have used many points in Munro's life for the character of Colonel Newcome. Heber died on April 3, 1826. Sir Thomas Munro, in a letter alluding to the Bishop's death, wrote, 'I never knew the death of any man produce such a universal feeling of regret. There was something so mild, so amiable, and so intelligent about him, that it was impossible not to love him.'

children who is ill. Lady Munro is a very lovely woman and of remarkably pleasing manners; everybody here seems to regret most honestly her going away, saying that her whole conduct has been made of good manners, good heart, and sound, solid judgment. I do not know that higher praise could be given to a 'Lady Governess'.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS

Suttee

January, 1824.—Returning one day from Calcutta, I passed by two funeral piles, the one preparing for a single person, the other nearly consumed, on which a suttee had just taken place. For this latter purpose a stage had been constructed of bamboos about eight inches or two feet above the ground, on which the dead body had been laid and under which, as my native servants told me, the unhappy widow had been stretched out surrounded with combustibles. Only a heap of glowing embers was now seen here, besides two long bamboos, which seemed intended to keep down any struggles which nature might force from her. On the stage was what seemed a large bundle of coarse cotton cloth, smoking and partially blackened, emitting a very offensive smell. This my servants said was the husband's body. The woman they expressly affirmed had been laid below it and ghee poured over her to hasten her end, and they also said the bamboos had been laid across her. I notice these particulars, because they differ from the account of a similar and recent ceremony given by the baptist missionaries, in which it is said that the widow is laid by the side of the husband, on the platform, with her arm embracing him and her face turned to him. Here I asked repeatedly, and received a different account. Yet the missionaries have had every

possible opportunity of learning, if not of accurately witnessing, all the particulars of the ceremony which they ascribe. Perhaps these particulars vary in different instances. At all events it is a proof how hard it is to gain in this country accurate information as to facts which seem most obvious to the senses. I felt very sick at heart and regretted I had not been half an hour sooner, though probably my attempts at persuasion would have had no chance of success. I would at least have tried to reconcile her to life. There were perhaps twenty or thirty people present, with about the same degrees of interest, though certainly not the same merriment, as would have been called forth by a bonfire in England. I saw no weeping and heard no lamentations. But when the boat drew near a sort of shout was raised, I believe in honour of Brahma, which was met by a similar outcry from my boatmen.

January 15.—Dr. Marshman, the baptist missionary from Serampur, dined with me. Dr. Carey is too lame to go out. The talents and learning of these good men are so well known in Europe that I need hardly say that, important as are the points on which we differ, I sincerely admire and respect them, and desire their acquaintance. In speaking of the suttee of yesterday, Dr. Marshman said that these horrors are of more frequent occurrence within these few last years than when he first knew Bengal, an increase which he imputes to the increasing luxury of the higher and middling classes and to their expensive imitation of European habits, which make many families needing, and anxious to get rid by any means of the necessity of supporting their mothers or the widows of

their relations. Another frequent cause is, he thinks, the jealousy of old men who, having married young wives, still cling to their exclusive possession even in death and leave injunctions either with their wives themselves to make the offering or with their heirs to urge them to it. He is strongly of opinion that the practice might be forbidden in Bengal, where it is of most frequent occurrence, without exciting any serious murmurs. The women, he is convinced, would all be loud in their praise of such a measure; and even of the men, so few would have an immediate interest in burning their wives, mothers, or sisters-in-law, that they would set themselves against what those who had most influence with them would be so much interested in having established. The Brahmins, he says, have no longer the power and popularity which they had when he first remembers India, and among the laity many wealthy and powerful persons agree, and publicly express their agreement, with Ram Mohun Roy, in reprobating the custom, which is now well known to be not commanded by any of the Hindu sacred books, though some of them speak of it as a meritorious sacrifice. A similar opinion to that of Dr. Marshman I have heard expressed by the senior Judge of the Sudder Dewannee Adawlut. Others, however, of the members of the Government think differently. They conceive that the likeliest method to make the custom more popular than it is, would be to forbid and make it a point of honour with the natives; that at present no woman is supposed to be burnt without her own wish certified to the magistrate; that there are other and less public ways to die (on that account more liable to abuse than the suttees) which might be

resorted to if this were forbidden; and that if we desire to convert the Hindus, we should above all things be careful to keep Government entirely out of sight in all the means which we employ, and to be even, if possible, over-scrupulous in not meddling with or impeding those customs which, however horrid, are become sacred in their estimation and are only to be destroyed by convincing and changing the popular mind. When Christian schools have become universal, the suttee will fall itself. But to forbid it by any legislative enactment would, in their opinion, only give currency to the notion that we mean to impose Christianity on them by force, and retard its progress to an almost indefinite period.

Ghazeepoor, August 31.—Suttees are more abundant here than even in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, but chiefly confined to the lower ranks. The last yearly return amounted to above forty, and there were several of which no account was given to the magistrate. It has been, indeed, a singular omission on the part of Government that, though an ordinance has been passed, commanding all persons celebrating a suttee to send in notice of their intention to the nearest police-officer, no punishment has been prescribed for neglect of this order, nor has it ever been embodied in the standing regulations, so as to make it law or authorise a magistrate to commit to prison for contempt of it. If Government mean their order respecting the publicity of suttees to be obeyed, they must give it the proper efficacy; while, if suttees are not under the inspection of the police, the most horrible murders may be committed under their name. This

struck me very forcibly from two facts which were incidentally told me. It is not necessary, it seems, for the widow who offers herself, to burn actually with the body of her husband. His garments, his slippers, his walking-staff—anything which has at any time been in his possession, will do as well. Brahmin widows, indeed, are, by the Shaster, not allowed this privilege, but must burn with the body or not at all. This, however, is unknown or disregarded in the district of Ghazeepoor and most other regions of India. But the person of whom I was told was no Brahmin; he was a labourer, who had left his family in a time of scarcity and gone to live (as was believed) in the neighbourhood of Moorshedabad, whence he had once, in the course of several years, sent his wife a small sum of money from his savings, by a friend who was going up the country. Such remittances, to the honour of the labouring class in India, are usual, and, equally to their honour, when intrusted to any one to convey, are very seldom embezzled. Some years after, however, when the son of the absentee was grown up, he returned one day from a fair at a little distance, saying he had heard bad news and that *a man unknown* had told him his father was dead. On this authority, the widow determined to burn herself, and it was judged sufficient that an old garment of the supposed dead man should be burned with her. Now it is very plain how easily, if the son wanted to get rid of his mother, he might have brought home such a story to induce her to burn, and it is also very plain that, whether she was willing or no, he might carry her to the stake and (if the police are to take no cognizance of the matter) might burn her under pretence of a suttee. How little the interference of neighbours is to

be apprehended in such cases, and how little a female death is cared for, may appear by another circumstance, which occurred a short time ago at a small distance from the city of Ghazeepoor, when, in consequence of a dispute which had taken place between two small freeholders about some land, one of the contending parties, an old man of seventy and upwards, brought his wife, of the same age, to the field in question, forced her, with the assistance of their children and relations, into a little straw hut built for the purpose, and burned her and the hut together, in order that her death might bring a curse on the soil, and her spirit haunt it after death, so that his successful antagonist should never derive any advantage from it. On some horror and surprise being expressed by the gentleman who told me this case, one of the officers of his court, the same indeed who had reported it to him, not as a horrible occurrence but as a proof how spiteful the parties had been against each other, said very coolly, 'Why not?—she was a very old woman,—what use was she?' The old murderer was in prison, but my friend said he had no doubt that his interference in such a case, *between man and wife,* was regarded as singularly vexatious and oppressive; and he added, 'The truth is, so very little value do these people set on their own lives, that we cannot wonder at their caring little for the life of another. The cases of suicide which come before me double those of suttees; men, and still more women, throw themselves down wells or drink poison, for apparently the slightest reasons, generally out of some quarrel and in order that their blood may lie at their enemy's door; and unless the criminal in question had had an old woman at hand and in his power, he was likely enough to have

burned himself.' Human sacrifices, as of children, are never heard of now in these provinces, but it still sometimes happens that a leper is burnt or buried alive; and, as these murders are somewhat blended also with religious feeling, a leper being supposed to be accused of the gods, the Sudder Dewannee, acting on the same principle, discourages, as I am told, all interference with the practice. The best way, indeed, to abolish it, would be to establish lazar-houses, where these poor wretches should be maintained and, if possible, cured, or at all events kept separate from the rest of the people, a policy by which, more than anything else, this hideous disease has been extirpated in Europe.

All these stories have made a very painful impression on me. If I live to return to Calcutta, it is possible that, by conversation with such of my friends as have influence, and by the help of what additional knowledge I may have acquired during this tour, I may obtain a remedy for some of them. And it is in order that this anxiety may not pass away, but that I may really do some little for the people among whom my lot is thrown, that I have put down more fully the facts which have come to my knowledge. I have on a former occasion noticed the opinions of most public men in India on the important question of putting down suttees[1] by authority. Whether

1. *Suttee* was forbidden by law in 1829. The ceremony reflected the Hindu ideal of wifely devotion which persists in spite of death. It had also a mystic significance, the wife of Rudra herself having entered fire to rejoin her husband in the form of Bhava. Sister Nivedita says in her *Web of Indian Life*, 'The belief in a mystic union of souls was the motive for *suttee*, a sacrifice

this is attempted or not, it seems at least highly necessary that the regulations should be enforced which the Indian Government itself had declared desirable, and that those instances which are really murder, on Hindoo as well as Christian principles, should not escape unpunished. Of the natural disposition of the Hindoo, I still see abundant reason to think highly, and Mr. Bayley and Mr. Melville both agreed with me that they are constitutionally kind-hearted, industrious, sober, and peaceable, at the same time that they show themselves, on proper occasions, a manly and courageous people.

Sitting Dhurna

September, 1824.—After the tumult was quelled, a very curious and impressive scene succeeded. The holy city had been profaned; the blood of a cow had been mixed with

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that was supposed to lift the husband's soul at once into bright places and bring his wife to enjoy them beside him for thousands of years.'

The suggestion that the relations of widows were anxious to get rid of them, owing especially to the higher standard of living, is improbable. Widows are an asset in the joint family for their personal service in the house: usually they are in charge of the kitchen and of the nursing of the children.

Elphinstone believed that the relatives, so far from encouraging *suttee*, in order to obtain the widow's property, were, in almost all cases, sincerely desirous of discussing the sacrifice. 'For this purpose, in addition to their own entreaties and those of the infant children, when there are such, they procure the intervention of friends of the family and of persons in authority. If the case be in a family of high rank, the sovereign himself goes to console and dissuade the widow. It is reckoned a bad omen for a government to have many *satis*.'

the purest water of Gunga and salvation was to be obtained at Benares no longer. All the Brahmins in the city, amounting to many thousands, went down in melancholy procession, with ashes on their heads, naked, and fasting, to the principal ghats leading to the river, and sat there with their hands folded, their heads hanging down, to all appearance inconsolable, and refusing to enter a house or to taste food. Two or three days after, this abstinence, however, began to tire them and a hint was given to the magistrates and other public men, that a visit of condolence and an expression of sympathy with these holy mourners would sufficiently comfort them and give them an ostensible reason for returning to their usual employment. Accordingly all the British functionaries went to the principal ghat, expressed their sorrow for the distress in which they saw them, but reasoned with them on the absurdity of punishing themselves for an act in which they had no share and which they had done their utmost to prevent or avenge. This prevailed, and, after much bitter weeping, it was resolved that Ganges was Ganges still, that a succession of costly offerings from the laity of Benares might wipe out the stain which their religion had received, and that the advice of the judges was the best and most reasonable. Mr. Bird who was one of the ambassadors on the occasion, told me that the scene was very impressive and even awful. The gaunt, squalid figures of the devotees, their visible and apparently unaffected anguish and dismay, the screams and outcries of the women who surrounded them, and the great numbers thus assembled, altogether constituted a spectacle of woe such as few cities but Benares could supply.

Yet even this was exceeded by a spectacle of a kind almost similar, which Benares offered on another occasion. Government had then unadvisedly imposed a house-tax of a very unpopular character, both from its amount and its novelty. To this the natives objected, that they recognised in their British rulers the same rights which had been exercised by the Moguls,—that the land-tax was theirs, and that they could impose duties on commodities going to market or for exportation, but their houses were their own; that they had never been intermeddled with in any but their landed property and commodities used in traffic; and that the same power which now imposed a heavy and unheard of tax on their dwellings, might do the same next year on their children and themselves. These considerations, though backed by strong representations from the magistrates, produced no effect in Calcutta; on which the whole population of Benares and neighbourhood determined to sit 'dhurna' till their grievances were redressed. To sit 'dhurna', or mourning, is to remain motionless in that posture, without food and exposed to the weather, till the person against whom it is employed consents to the request offered: and the Hindoos believe that whoever dies under such a process, becomes a tormenting spirit to haunt and afflict his inflexible antagonist. This is a practice not unfrequent in the intercourse of individuals, to enforce payment of a debt or forgiveness of one.[1] And

1. Marco Polo, writing in the 13th century, mentions the high moral standard prevailing among the Hindus by which a creditor invariably succeeded in bringing the debtor to payment by drawing a circle round him and conjuring him not to stir from there without paying the debt.

among Hindoos it is very prevailing, not only from the apprehended dreadful consequences of the death of the petitioner but because many are of opinion that, while a person sits dhurna at their door, they must not themselves presume to eat or undertake any secular business. It is even said that some persons hire Brahmins to sit dhurna for them, the thing being to be done by proxy, and the dhurna of a Brahmin being naturally more awful in its effects than that of a Soodra could be. I do not know whether there is any example under their ancient princes of a considerable portion of the people taking this strange method of remonstrance against oppression, but in this case it was done with great resolution, and surprising concert and unanimity. Some of the leading Brahmins sent written hand-bills to the wards in Benares nearest the college and to some of the adjoining villages, declaring very shortly the causes and necessity of the measures which they were about to adopt, calling on all lovers of their country and national creed to join in it, and commanding, under many bitter curses, every person who received it to forward it to his next neighbour. Accordingly it flew over the country like the fiery cross in *The Lady of the Lake;* and three days after it was issued, and before the Government were in the least apprised of the plan, above three hundred thousand persons, as it is said, deserted their houses, shut up their shops, suspended the labour of their farms, forbore to light fires, dress victuals, many of them even to eat, and sat down with folded arms and drooping heads, like so many sheep, on the plain which surrounds Benares.

The local government were exceedingly perplexed. There was the chance that very many of these strange beings would really perish, either from their obstinacy or the diseases which they would contract in their present situation. There was a probability that famine would ensue from the interruption of agricultural labours at the most critical time of the year. There was a certainty that the revenue would suffer very materially from the total cessation of all traffic. And it might even be apprehended that their despair, and the excitement occasioned by such a display of physical force, would lead them to far stronger demonstrations of discontent than that of sitting dhurna. On the other hand, the authorities of Benares neither were permitted, nor would it have been expedient, to yield to such a demand, so urged. They conducted themselves with great prudence and good temper. Many of the natives appeared to expect, and the Brahmins perhaps hoped, that they would still further outrage the feelings of the people, by violently suppressing their assemblage. They did no such thing but coolly reasoned with some of the ringleaders on the impossibility that Government should yield to remonstrances so enforced. They, however, told them expressly, in answer to their inquiries, that if they chose to sit dhurna it was their own affair; and that so long as they only injured themselves and were peaceable in their behaviour to others, Government would not meddle with them. They did not omit, however, to bring a strong body of Europeans from Dinapoor and Ghazeepoor to the neighbouring cantonment, without appearing to watch the conduct of the natives or putting it into their heads that they suspected

them of violent intentions. At last the multitude began to grow very hungry, and a thunder shower which fell made them wet, cold, and uncomfortable. Some of the party proposed a change of operations, and that a deputation of ten thousand should be sent to address the Governor-General personally. This was eagerly carried by a majority, heartily tired of their situation. and the next question was, how these men should be maintained during their journey, when one leading Brahmin proposed a tax on houses. A string was here struck which made the whole instrument jar. 'A tax on houses! if we are to pay a tax on houses after all, we might as well have remained on good terms with our Government, sitting under our vines and fig-trees, and neither hungry nor rheumatic.' A great number caught at the excuse for a rupture, and rose to go home, but the remainder determined that all should go to the Governor, every man at his own charge. The seeds of disunion were already sown, and the majority absented themselves from the muster which was held three days after. From ten to twenty thousand, however, really assembled with such provisions as they could collect, and began their march, still unmolested by the magistrates, whose whole conduct was wise and merciful; they well calculated that provisions would soon fall short and travelling become wearisome, and merely watched their motions at some distance with a corps of cavalry. They knew that hunger would make them plunder, and that the hilly and jungly road from Benares to the neighbourhood of Burdwan afforded few facilities for the subsistence of so great a multitude. Accordingly, in a few days, they melted away to so small a number that the remainder were ashamed to proceed.

The supreme government followed up their success most wisely by a repeal of the obnoxious tax and thus ended a disturbance which, if it had been harshly or improperly managed, might have put all India in a flame.

A Tiger Hunt

November, 1824.—He[1] mentioned, in the course of conversation, that there was a tiger in an adjoining tope, which had done a good deal of mischief; that he should have gone after it himself had he not been ill, and had he not thought that it would be a fine diversion for Mr. Boulderson and me. I told him I was no sportsman, but Mr. Boulderson's eyes sparkled at the name of tiger, and he expressed great anxiety to beat up his quarters in the afternoon. Under such circumstances I did not like to deprive him of his sport, as he would not leave me by myself, and went, though with no intention of being more than a spectator. Mr. Boulderson, however, advised me to load my pistols for the sake of defence, and lent me a very fine double-barrelled gun for the same purpose. We set out a little after three on our elephants with a servant behind each howdah carrying a large chattah, which however was almost needless. The raja, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from our own camp and the neighbouring villages, and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited which might be produced in England by a great coursing party. The raja was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than the Durham

1. Raja Ghournam Singh of Kumaun.

ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of the neighbouring wood, where they are generally, though not always, of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittagong. He sat in a low howdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him ready for action. Mr. Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling pieces projecting over his mohout's head. We rode about two miles, across a plain covered with a long jungle-grass, which very much put me in mind of the country near the Cuban. Quails and wild fowl rose in great numbers, and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions. With them our party had no quarrel; their flesh is good for little, and they are, in general, favourites both with native and English sportsmen, who feel disinclined to meddle with a creature so graceful and so harmless.

At last we came to a deeper and more marshy ground, which lay a little before the tope pointed out to us; and while Mr. Boulderson was doubting whether we should pass through it or skirt it, some country people came running to say that the tiger had been tracked there that morning. We therefore went in, keeping line as if we had been beating for a hare, through grass so high that it reached up to the howdah of my elephant, though a tall one, and almost hid the raja entirely. We had not gone far before a very large animal of the deer kind sprung up just before me, larger than a stag, of a dusky brown colour, with spreading but not palmated horns. Mr. Boulderson said it was a 'mohr', a species of elk; that this was a young one, but that they sometimes grew to an immense size, so that he had stood up-

right between the tips of their horns. He could have shot it, but did not like to fire at present, and said it was, after all, a pity to meddle with such harmless animals. The mohr accordingly ran off unmolested, rising with splendid bounds up to the very top of the high jungle, so that his whole body and limbs were seen from time to time above it. A little further, another rose, which Mr. Boulderson said was the female; of her I had but an imperfect view. The sight of these curious animals had already, however, well repaid my coming out, and, from the animation and eagerness of everybody round me, the anxiety with which my companions looked for every waving of the jungle-grass, and the continued calling and shouting of the horse and foot behind us, it was impossible not to catch the contagion of interest and enterprise.

At last the elephants all drew up their trunks into the air, began to roar, and to stamp violently with their fore-feet; the raja's little elephant turned short round, and in spite of all her mohout could say or do, took up her post, to the raja's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three (for one of my baggage elephants had come out too, the mohout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show) went on slowly but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. 'We are close upon him,' said Mr. Boulderson; 'fire where you see the longer grass shake, if he rises before you.' Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. 'There, there,' cried the mohout, 'I saw his head!' A short roar, or rather loud growl, followed, and I saw

immediately before my elephant's head the motion of some large animal stealing away through the grass. I fired as directed, and a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed, the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said, 'I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him.' In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm, and, in fact, we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. A large extent of high grass stretched out in one direction, and this we had now not sufficient daylight to explore. In fact, that the animal so near me was a tiger at all I have no evidence but its growl, Mr. Boulderson's belief, the assertion of the mohout, and what is, perhaps, more valuable than all the rest, the alarm expressed by the elephants. I could not help feeling some apprehension that my firing had robbed Mr. Boulderson of his shot, but he assured me that I was quite in rule; that in such sport no courtesies could be observed, and that the animal, in fact, rose before me, but that he should himself have fired without scruple if he had seen the rustle of the grass in time. Thus ended my first and probably my last essay in the 'field sports' of India, in which I am much mistaken, notwithstanding what Mr. Boulderson said, if I harmed any living creature.

I asked Mr. Boulderson, on our return, whether tiger hunting was generally of this kind, which I could not help comparing to that chace of bubbles which enables us in England to pursue otter. In a jungle, he answered, it must always be pretty much the same, inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances or when a tiger felt himself severely wounded and was roused to revenge by despair, his aim was to remain concealed and to make off as quietly as possible. It was after he had broken cover or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his enemies boldly and always died fighting. He added that the lion, though not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away when pursued through a jungle, seldom seem to think its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching, they spring out to meet them, open-mouthed, in the plain, like the boldest of all animals, a mastiff dog. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble, but if they are missed or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with vast strength and violence, and their large heads, immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the head of the largest elephants, and fairly pull them down to the ground, riders and all. When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off under his feet, and then woe be to him! The elephant either kneels on him and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick which breaks half his

ribs and sends him flying perhaps twenty paces. The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn, and a large old tiger sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with. In this case it often happens that the elephant himself falls, from pain or from the hope of rolling on his enemy, and the people on his back are in very considerable danger both from friends and foes, for Mr. Boulderson said the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat is said to be. But this did not often happen, and, in general, persons wounded by his teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recovered easily enough.

The Festival of Rama

September, 1824.—It being the festival of Rama and Sita, all the world was employed in seeing the hero with his army of monkeys attack the giant Ravanu.[1] Many other hindrances and disappointments occurred, but the delay they occasioned gave me an opportunity of seeing something of the Ramayuna festival, which consists in a sort of dramatic representation, during many successive days, of Rama's history and adventures. The first evening I went with Mr. Bird to the show, for such it is now considered and so entirely divested of every religious character as to be attended even by Mussulmans without scruple. I found Rama, his brother Luchmun, and his betrothed wife Seeta, represented by three children of about twelve years old, seated in Durbar, under an awning in the principal street of the sepoy lines, with a great crowd round them, some fanning them, of which, poor things, they had great need, some blowing horns and beating gongs

1. Ravana, the demon who carried off Sita.

and drums, and the rest shouting till the air rang again. The two heroes were very fine boys, and acted their parts admirably. Each had a gilt bow in his left hand, and a sabre in his right; their naked bodies were almost covered with gilt ornaments and tinsel; they had high tinsel crowns on their heads; their foreheads and bodies spotted with charcoal, chalk, and vermilion; and altogether perfectly resembled the statues of Hindoo deities,

> 'Except that of their eyes alone
> The twinkle show'd they were not stone.'

Poor little Seeta wrapt up in a gorgeous veil of flimsy finery, and tired to death, had dropped her head on her breast and seemed happily insensible to all which was going on. The Brahmin sepoys, who bore the principal part in the play, made room with great solicitude, for us to see. I asked a good many questions, and obtained very ready answers in much the same way, and with no more appearance of reverence and devotion than one should receive from an English mob at a puppet-show. 'I see Rama, Seeta, Luchmun, but where is Huniman (the famous monkey general)?' 'Huniman,' was the answer, 'is not yet come; but that man,' pointing to a great stout soldier of singularly formidable exterior, 'is Huniman, and he will soon arrive.' The man began laughing as if half ashamed of his destination, but now took up the conversation, telling me that 'next day was to be a far prettier play than I now saw, for Seeta was to be stolen away by Ravanu and his attendant evil spirits, Rama and Luchmun were to go to the jungle in great sorrow to seek for her,'

('Rama, your Rama, to greenwood must hie!')[1]

That 'then' (laughing again) 'I and my army shall come, and we shall fight bravely, bravely.' The evening following I was engaged, but the next day I repeated my visit; I was then too late for the best part of the show, which had consisted of a first and unsuccessful attack by Rama and his army on the fortress of the gigantic ravisher.[2] That fortress, however, I saw,—an enclosure of bamboos covered with paper and painted with doors and windows, within which was a frightful paper giant, fifteen feet high, with ten or twelve arms, each grasping either a sword, an arrow, a bow, a battle-axe, or a spear. At his feet sate poor little Seeta as motionless as before, guarded by two figures to represent demons. The brothers, in a splendid palkee, were conducting the retreat of their army; the divine Huniman, as naked and almost as hairy as the animal whom he represented, was gambolling before them, with a long tail tied round his waist, a mask to represent the baboon, and two great painted clubs in his hands. His army followed, a number of men with similar tails and masks, their bodies dyed with indigo, and also armed with

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1. Heber is apparently quoting from John Leyden's *Lament for Rama*, a poem from the Bengali, which treats the story of Rama in the ballad style of *The Nut Brown Maid*:—

> 'I warn you, fair maidens, to wail and to sigh,
> For Rama, our Rama, to greenwood must fly;
> Then hasten, come hasten, to see his array,
> For Ayodhya is dark when our chief goes away.'

2. Since the purity of Sita is proverbial, Heber probably used the word 'ravisher' in its old meaning of 'one who carried off by force.'.

clubs. I was never so forcibly struck with the identity of Rama and Bacchus. Here were before me Bacchus, his brother Ampelus, the Satyrs (smeared with wine lees), and the great Pan commanding them. The fable, however, can hardly have originated in India, and probably has been imported both by the Greeks and the Brahmins from Cashmere, or some other central country where the grape grows, unless we suppose that the grape has been merely an accidental appendage to Bacchus's character, arising from the fact that the festival occurs during the vintage. There yet remained two or three days of pageant before Seeta's release, purification, and re-marriage to her hero-lover, but for this conclusion I did not remain in Allahabad. At Benares I am told the show is on such occasions really splendid. The Raja attends in state with all the principal inhabitants of the place; he lends his finest elephants and jewels to the performers, who are children of the most eminent families and trained up by long previous education. I saw enough, however, at Allahabad to satisfy my curiosity. The show is now a very innocent one; but there was a hideous and accursed practice in 'the good old times' before the British police was established, at least if all which the Mussulmans and the English say is to be believed, which shows the Hindoo superstition in all its horrors. The poor children who had thus been feasted, honoured, and made to contribute to the popular amusement, were, it is asserted, always poisoned with sweetmeats given them the last day of the show, that it might be said their spirits were absorbed into the deities whom they had represented! Nothing of the sort can now be done. The children, instead of being brought for the purpose from

a distance by the priests, are the children of neighbours whose prior and subsequent history is known, and Rama and Seeta now grow old like other boys and girls.

The Festival at Deosa

January 26, 1825.—Deosa is a rather large town, built on one side of a square table-like hill, with a sharp peak adjoining to it. The hill is crowned by a very extensive fortress and there are various remains of antiquity, such as a large tank, now ruinous and dry, and a good many tombs, which evince that the place has seen better days. From its name, 'Deosa', or Divine, it should seem to possess a sacred character, and even now we found a considerable encampment of merchants and pilgrims, with flying chairs, swings, and other symptoms of a Hindoo fair or festival. It turned out to be one which I cannot find in the Calcutta Almanac, but which they here call 'Pusund', and it was celebrated in the course of the day with a degree of glitter and show which I did not expect in a place apparently so poor and ruinous. Two little images of a male and female, called, I think, Gungwala and Gungwalee,[1] were carried wrapped up in a piece of kincob, in a very gaudy gilded rutt,[2] drawn by the people to an open tent pitched without the town. A good deal of drumming and singing followed, and the ceremony ended by pelting each other with red powder, as during the hoolee. Meantime the usual traffic and diversions of a country fair went on; cakes, cloth of different kinds, and coarse trinkets were

1. The occasion was a river festival. The deities were named after the Ganges, in the waters of which all rivers in India are considered to partake.

2. Sacred car. Skt. Ratham.

exposed in considerable abundance, and a good many of the people whom we met in the afternoon had evidently either been drinking or taking opium. We walked through the town, which had a ruined wall round it; and contained one fine old pagoda, resembling those at Benares, several small ones, a Mussulman mosque, and some large and richly-carved stone houses, but all verging to decay. The ruin of the towns, as of the rest of the country, was laid by the people on Ameer Khan,[1] though they did not seem to have any accurate information about the matter, and owned that it had been always as it is now in their memory. Its dilapidation, I suspect, is of older date. There are some very elegant tombs without the walls, and altogether the place is one extremely characteristic of the ancient habits of India.

The images which we saw were taken back to the pagoda at night and, after a few days more of similar parade, were to be committed to the nearest river and sunk in it, where, being of unbaked clay, they soon dissolve. It is said that this is a relic of a hideous custom, which still prevails in Assam and was anciently practised in Egypt, of flinging a youth and maiden, richly dressed, annually into their sacred river. That such a custom formerly existed in India is, I believe, a matter of pretty uniform tradition. But this practice of drowning images is not confined to the two figures in question, but is the case with all their idols, except a very few. Kali in her various forms, and the other many-handed, many-headed potentates, who are worshipped in Calcutta, are all of clay, and all carried in like manner, after their festivals, to be

1. See note p. 63.

absorbed in the holy stream, a custom which may seem rather to typify the inferiority confessed by the Hindoos themselves of all their symbols to the God of nature, than to recall the memory of an ancient piece of inhumanity.

Churruck Poojah

April 9, 1824.—The Hindoo festival of 'Churruck Poojah'[1] commenced to-day, of which, as my wife has given an account in her journal, I shall only add a few particulars.

[One of the Hindoo festivals in honour of the goddess Kali commenced this evening. Near the river a crowd was assembled round a stage of bamboos, fifteen feet high, composed of two upright and three horizontal poles, which last were placed at about five feet asunder. On this kind of ladder several men mounted, with large bags, out of which they threw down various articles to the bystanders, who caught them with great eagerness; but I was too far off to ascertain what they were. They then, one by one, raised their joined hands over their heads, and threw themselves down with a force which must have proved fatal, had not their fall been broken by some means or other. The crowd was too dense to allow of my discovering how this was effected; but it is certain they were unhurt, as they immediately re-ascended and performed the same ceremonies many times.

On the 10th we were awakened before daybreak by the discordant sounds of native musical instruments, and immediately mounted our horses and rode to the Meidan.

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1. Chakra Pooja, the festival of the wheel—*i.e.*, the wheel of power held by the goddess Kali.

As the morning advanced we could see an immense crowd coming down the Chowringhee road, which was augmented by persons joining it from all the streets and lanes of the city. We entered the crowd, taking the precaution of making the saees walk close by my horse's head, who was frightened at the music, dancing, and glare of torches, accompanied at intervals by the deep sound of the gong.

'The double double peal of the drum was there,
And the startling sound of the trumpet's blare,
And the gong, that seemed with its thunder dread
To stun the living, and waken the dead.'

In the midst of this crowd walked and danced the miserable fanatics, torturing themselves in the most horrible manner, and each surrounded by his own particular band of admirers, with music and torches . . . . . Their countenances denoted suffering, but they evidently gloried in their patient endurance, and probably were supported by the assurance that they were expiating the sins of the past year by suffering voluntarily, and without a groan, this agony.

We had considerable difficulty in making our way through the crowd; but when we had arrived at a short distance from the scene of action, the *coup d'oeil* was beautifully picturesque, and forcibly reminded me of an English racecourse: flags were flying in every direction,—booths were erected with stages for dancing; the flowing white garments of the natives gave the impression of a numerous assemblage of well-dressed women; and though on a nearer approach their dingy complexions destroyed the illusion, yet the scene lost nothing of its beauty. I never saw in England such a multitude collected

together; but this is one of their most famous festivals, and the people had assembled from all the neighbouring villages. The noise of music continued till about noon, when the devotees retired to heal their wounds. These are said to be dangerous, and occasionally to prove fatal. One of our servants, a 'Mussalchee', or torch-bearer, of the lowest caste (for it seems that none of a higher sort practise these cruelties), ran about the house with a small spear through his tongue, begging money from his fellow-servants; this man appeared stupified with opium, which I am told is generally taken by these poor wretches, to deaden their feelings; and the parts through which the spears are thrust are said to be previously rubbed for a considerable time, till numbness ensues.

In the evening the Bishop walked to the Boitaconnah, the part of the city where the trees for swinging are erected; they are not suffered to be placed near the European residences. He arrived in time to be a spectator of the whole ceremony. The victim was led covered with flowers, and without any apparent reluctance, to the foot of the tree: hooks were then thrust through the muscles of his sides, which he endured without shrinking, and a broad bandage was fastened round his waist to prevent the hooks from being torn through by the weight of his body. He was then raised up, and whirled round; at first the motion was slow, but by degrees was increased to considerable rapidity. In a few minutes it ceased; and the bystanders were going to let him down, when he made signs that they should proceed: this resolution was received with great applause by the crowd, and after drinking some water he was again spun round.]

The crowd on the Meidan was great and very picturesque. The music consisted chiefly of large double drums, ornamented with plumes of black feathers like those of a hearse, which rose considerably higher than the heads of persons who played on them; large crooked trumpets, like the 'litui' of the ancients, and small gongs suspended from a bamboo, which rested on the shoulders of two men, the last of whom played on it with a large, thick, and heavy drum-stick, or cudgel. All the persons who walked in the procession, and a large majority of the spectators, had their faces, bodies, and white cotton clothes daubed all over with vermilion, the latter to a degree which gave them the appearance of being actually dyed rose-colour. They were also crowned with splendid garlands of flowers, with girdles and baldrics of the same. Many trophies and pageants of different kinds were paraded up and down, on stages, drawn by horses or bullocks. Some were mythological, others were imitations of different European figures, soldiers, ships, etc., and, in particular, there was one very large model of a steam-boat. The devotees went about with small spears through their tongues and arms, and still more with hot irons pressed against their sides. All were naked to the waist, covered with flowers, and plentifully raddled with vermilion, while their long, black, wet hair hung down their backs, almost to their loins. From time to time, as they passed us, they laboured to seem to dance, but in general their step was slow, their countenances expressive of resigned and patient suffering, and there was no appearance that I saw, of anything like frenzy or intoxication. The peaceableness of the multitude was also as remarkable as its number; no troops were visible, except

the two sentries, who at all times keep guard on two large tanks in the Meidan; no police except the usual 'Chokeydar,' or watchman,[1] at his post near Allypoor Bridge; yet nothing like quarrelling or rioting occurred, and very little scolding. A similar crowd in England would have shown three boxing matches in half an hour, and in Italy there would have been half-a-dozen assassinations before night. In the evening I walked in another direction, towards the Boitaconnah and the streets chiefly occupied by natives. Here I saw the 'swinging'.

Nach Girls

November 18, 1823.—My wife went to a nach given by one of the wealthy natives, Baboo Rouplall Mullich, whose immense house, with Corinthian pillars. we had observed more than once in our passage along the Chitpoor road. She has given a full account of it in her journal.

[I joined Lady Macnaghten and a large party this evening to go to a nach given by a rich native. Rouplall Mullich, on the opening of his new house. The outside was brilliantly illuminated, and, as the building is a fine one, the effect was extremely good. The crowd without the gates was great. We were ushered into a large hall, occupying the centre of the house, round which run two galleries with a number of doors opening into small apartments, the upper ones being for the most part inhabited

1. 'These watchmen are less numerous and not more efficient than their brethren in the streets of London. They do not cry the hour, but proclaim their wakefulness by uttering loud howls from time to time. They are armed with pistol, sword, and shield.'—Mrs. Heber.

by the females of the family, who were of course invisible to us, though they were able to look down into the hall through the venetians. This hall is open to the sky, but on this, as on all public occasions, it was covered in with scarlet cloth, with which the floor was also carpeted. All the large native houses are built on this principle; and the fathers, sons, and grandsons, with their respective families, live together, till their numbers become too great, when they separate like the patriarchs of old, and find out new habitations. The magnificence of the building, the beautiful pillars supporting the upper galleries, and the expensive and numerous glass chandeliers with which it was lighted, formed a striking contrast with the dirt, the apparent poverty, and the slovenliness of every part that was not prepared for exhibition; the rubbish left by the builders had actually never been removed out of the lower gallery; the banisters of the stair-case, in itself paltry, were of common unpainted wood, and broken in many places; and I was forced to tread with care to avoid the masses of dirt over which we walked.

On entering we found a crowd collected round a songstress of great reputation, named Viiki, the Catalani of the East, who was singing in a low but sweet voice some Hindoostanee songs, accompanied by inartificial and unmelodious native music. As the crowd was great, we adjourned into a small room opening out of the upper gallery, where we sat listening to one song after another, devoured by swarms of mosquitoes, till we were heartily tired, when her place was taken by the nach, or dancing-girls,—if dancing that could be called which consisted in

strained movements of the arms, head, and body, the feet, though in perpetual slow motion, seldom moving from the same spot. Some story was evidently intended to be told from the expression of their countenances, but to me it was quite unintelligible. I never saw public dancing in England so free from everything approaching to indecency. Their dress was modesty itself nothing but their faces, feet, and hands being exposed to view. An attempt at buffoonery next followed, ill-imagined and worse executed, consisting of a bad imitation of English country dances by ill-dressed men. In short, the whole exhibition was fatiguing and stupid, nearly every charm but that of novelty being wanting. To do us greater honour, we were now shown into another room, where a supper-table was laid out for a select few, and I was told the great supper-room was well supplied with eatables. I returned home between twelve and one, much tired and not the least disposed to attend another nach.]

A South Indian Dancing Girl

March, 1826.—A small old pagoda is in the entrance of the town (Sadras), whose principal inmates, the presiding Brahmin and the dancing-girl, followed me to my tent. This was the first specimen which I had seen of the southern Bayadere[1] who differ considerably from the nach girls of northern India, being all in the service of different temples, for which they are purchased young, and brought up with a degree of care which is seldom bestowed on the

1. Professional dancing girl.

females of India of any other class. This care not only extends to dancing and singing and the other allurements of their miserable profession, but to reading and writing.[1] Their dress is lighter than the bundles of red cloth which swaddle the figurante of Hindostan, and their dancing is said to be more indecent; but their general appearance and manner seemed to me far from immodest, and their air even more respectable than the generality of the lower classes of India. The poor girl whom I saw at Sadras, making allowance for the difference of costume and complexion, might have passed for a smart, but modest, English maid-servant. The money which they acquire in the practice of their profession is hallowed to their gods, whose ministers are said to turn them out without remorse, or with a very scanty provision, when age or sickness renders them unfit for their occupation. Most of them, however, die young. I had heard that the Bayaderes were regarded with respect among the other classes of Hindoos, as servants of the gods, and that, after a few years' service, they often married respectably.[2] But, though I made several inquiries, I cannot find that this is the case; their name is a common term of reproach

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1. The dancing girls of South Indian temples, called *devadasis* (*servants of God*), were originally virgins devoted to the service of God whom they were to please by their *Abhinaya*, a combination of music and acting. Frazer says in *The Golden Bough*, 'The life of a Devadasi bedecked with all the accomplishments that the muses could give was one of spotless purity.'

2. A false idea to which Thackeray gave currency in *The Newcomes*.

among the women of the country, nor could any man of decent caste marry one of their number. Yet the gods are honoured who receive such sacrifices! I have always looked on these poor creatures with no common feelings of sorrow and pity.

CONCLUSION

India in 1823—A General Account of the Country and the People

(Extract from Letter to J. Wilmot Horton, Esq., dated Calcutta, December, 1823)

This is a fine country and, at this time of year, a very fine climate. We have, indeed, no mountains, not even an elevation so high as the mount in Kensington Gardens, which I recollect the more, because in them was my last ramble with yourself and Hay. We have no springs, no running streams except the Ganges, and we have not much of open plain and dry turf. But we have wood and water in abundance; the former of the noblest description of foliage which I have ever seen, both in form, verdure, variety, and depth of shadow. I had no idea of the beauty and majesty of an Indian wood; the coloured prints which I had seen in England being as unlike the sober richness of the reality as the bloom of Mrs. Salmon's wax-work goddesses to Mrs.——. Nor, to those who like wandering about an immense conservatory, or who are pleased and interested with cane-work cottages, little gardens of plantains and pine-apples, and the sight of a very poor, but simple, and by no means inelegant, race of peasants, are there prettier rides than those afforded by the lanes and hedgerows round Calcutta. The mornings, from five to eight, are now equal to the pleasantest time of the

year in England; then follow about eight hours, during which a man does well to remain in the house, but which, under such circumstances, are not too hot either for comfort or any kind of mental exertion; and from four to dark it is again about the temperature of our summer evening. This is, indeed, the best time of year. Of the rains and the hot winds everybody speaks with very alarming eloquence; and I apprehend that, during their continuance, a bare existence is all that any man can hope for. We had some little of these last on our first arrival, but not sufficient to prevent our morning and evening airings. They were, however, sufficiently potent to induce us to believe all which had been told us of the necessity of cool clothing, cold diet, and quietness.

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Of the people of this country, and the manner in which they are governed, I have, as yet, hardly seen enough to form an opinion. I have seen enough, however, to find that the customs, the habits, and prejudices of the former are much misunderstood in England. We have all heard, for instance, of the humanity of the Hindoos towards brute creatures, their horror of animal food, etc.; and you may be, perhaps, as much surprised as I was, to find that those who can afford it are hardly less carnivorous than ourselves; that even the purest Brahmins are allowed to eat mutton and vension;[1] that fish is permitted to many castes, and pork to many others; and that, though they consider it as a grievous crime to kill a cow or bullock

1. The Bishop is mistaken. Though some sects of Brahmins in northern India do not scruple to take animal food, the majority, especially in south India, strictly abstain from it.

for the purpose of eating, yet they treat their draught oxen; no less than their horses, with a degree of barbarous severity which would turn an English hackney-coachman sick. Nor have their religious prejudices and the unchangeableness of their habits been less exaggerated. Some of the best informed of their nation, with whom I have conversed, assured me that half their most remarkable customs of civil and domestic life are borrowed from their Muhammedan conquerors; and at present there is an obvious and increasing disposition to imitate the English in everything, which has already led to very remarkable changes, and will, probably, to still more important. The wealthy natives now all affect to have their houses decorated with Corinthian pillars and filled with English furniture. They drive the best horses and the most dashing carriages in Calcutta. Many of them speak English fluently, and are tolerably read in English literature; and the children of one of our friends I saw one day dressed in jackets and trousers, with round hats, shoes, and stockings. In the Bengalee newspapers, of which there are two or three, politics are canvassed with a bias, as I am told, inclining to Whiggism, and one of their leading men gave a great dinner not long since, in honour of the Spanish Revolution. Among the lower orders the same feeling shows itself more beneficially, in a growing neglect of *caste*—in not merely a willingness, but an anxiety, to send their children to our schools, and a desire to learn and speak English, which, if properly encouraged, might, I verily believe, in fifty years' time, make our language what the *Oordoo*, or *court* and *camp* language of the country (the Hindoostanee) is at present. And

though instances of actual conversion to Christianity are, as yet, very uncommon, yet the number of children, both male and female, who are now receiving a sort of Christian education, reading the New Testament, repeating the Lord's Prayer and Commandments, and all with the consent, or at least without the censure, of their parents or spiritual guides, have increased, during the last two years, to an amount which astonishes the old European residents, who were used to tremble at the name of a missionary and shrink from the common duties of Christianity, lest they should give offence to their heathen neighbours. So far from that being the consequence of the zeal which has been lately shown, many of the Brahmins themselves express admiration of the morality of the Gospel, and profess to entertain a better opinion of the English since they have found that they too have a religion and a Shaster. All that seems necessary for the best effects to follow is to let things take their course, to make the missionaries discreet, to keep the Government, as it now is, strictly neuter, and to place our confidence in a general diffusion of knowledge and in making ourselves really useful to the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of the people among whom we live. In all these points there is, indeed, room for improvement. I do not by any means assent to the pictures of depravity and general worthlessness drawn of the Hindoos. They are decidedly by nature a mild, pleasing, and intelligent race; sober, parsimonious, and, where an object is held out to them, most industrious and persevering. But the magistrates and lawyers all agree that in no country are lying and perjury so common and so

little regarded. Notwithstanding the apparent mildness of their manners, the criminal calendar is generally as full as in Ireland, with gang-robberies, setting fire to buildings, stacks, etc., etc.; and the number of children who are decoyed aside and murdered for the sake of their ornaments, Lord Amherst assures me, is dreadful. Yet in all these points a gradual amelioration is said to be perceptible; and I am assured that there is no ground whatever for the assertion that the people are become less innocent or prosperous under British administration. In Bengal, at least in this neighbourhood, I am assured by the missionaries, who, as speaking the language and associating with the lower classes, are by far the best judges, that the English Government is popular. They are, in fact, lightly taxed (though that taxation is clumsily arranged and liable to considerable abuse, from the extortions of the native Aumeens and Chokeydars); they have no military conscription or forced services; they live in great security from the march of armies, etc.; and, above all, they some of them recollect in their own country, and all of them may hear or witness in the case of their neighbours in Oude and the Birman empire, how very differently all these things are managed under the Hindoo and Mahommedan sovereignties.

One very wise and liberal measure of Government has been the appropriation of all the internal transit duties to the construction of roads and bridges, and the improvement of the towns where they are levied. A more popular, however, and I believe better policy, would have been to remit those duties altogether. They are precisely the things in which the Chokeydars and other underlings

are most fraudulent and oppressive. Twice as much is extorted by these fellows from the poor country people as they are authorised to receive, and, of what is authorised, only a moderate part finds its way into the Company's coffers. Under such circumstances it might, perhaps, be better to remove all restraints from internal intercourse and traffic, to make the people industrious and prosperous, and to be assured that improvements would follow by degrees, in proportion as they become necessary or desirable. Lord Cornwallis's famous settlement of zemindary rents in Bengal is often severely censured here as not sufficiently protecting the ryuts and depriving the Government of all advantage from the improvements of the territory. They who reason thus have apparently forgotten that, without some such settlement, those improvements would never have taken place at all; that almost every zemindary which is brought to the hammer (and they are pretty numerous) is divided and sub-divided, each successive sale, among smaller proprietors; and that the progress is manifestly going on to a minute division of the soil among the actual cultivators and subject to no other burdens than a fixed and very moderate quit-rent, a state of things by no means undesirable in a nation, and which only needs to be corrected in its possible excess by a law of primogeniture and by encouraging, instead of forbidding, the purchase of lands by the English. On the desirableness of this last measure, as the most probable means of improving the country and attracting the peasantry to our government, I find, in Calcutta, little difference of opinion. All the restriction which seems necessary is, that the collectors of the Company's taxes shall not be allowed to purchase lands within the limits of

their districts; and if the same law were extended to their Hindoo and Mussalman deputies, a considerable source of oppression, which now exists, would be dried up or greatly mitigated.

Civilisation in India

(*From a letter, dated March* 1825)

To say that the Hindoos or the Mussalmans are deficient in any essential feature of a civilised people, is an assertion which I can scarcely suppose to be made by any who have lived with them. Their manners are, at least, as pleasing and courteous as those in the corresponding stations of life among ourselves; their houses are larger, and, according to their wants and climate, to the full as convenient as ours; their architecture is at least as elegant, and, though the worthy Scotch divines may doubtless wish their labourers to be clad in 'hodden grey', and their gentry and merchants to wear powder and mottled stockings, like worthy Mr. . . . . and the other elders of his kirk-session, I really do not think that they would gain either in cleanliness, elegance, or comfort, by exchanging a white cotton robe for the completest suit of dittos. Nor is it true that in the mechanic arts they are inferior to the general run of the European nations. Where they fall short of us (which is chiefly in agricultural implements and the mechanics of common life) they are not, so far as I have understood of Italy and the south of France, surpassed in any great degree by the people of those countries. Their goldsmiths and weavers produce as beautiful fabrics as our own; and it is so far from true that they are obstinately wedded to their old patterns,

that they show an anxiety to imitate our models, and do imitate them very successfully. The ships built by native artists at Bombay are notoriously as good as any which sail from London or Liverpool. The carriages and gigs which they supply at Calcutta are as handsome, though not as durable, as those of Long Acre. In the little town of Monghyr, three hundred miles from Calcutta, I had pistols, double-barrelled guns, and different pieces of cabinet work brought down to my boat for sale, which in outward form (for I know no further) nobody but perhaps Mr. . . . . could detect to be of Hindoo origin; and at Delhi, in the shop of a wealthy native jeweller, I found brooches, ear-rings, snuff-boxes, etc., of the latest models (so far as I am a judge) and ornamented with French devices and mottos.

The fact is, that there is a degree of intercourse maintained between this country and Europe, and a degree of information existing among the people as to what passes there, which, considering how many of them neither speak nor read English, implies other channels of communication besides those which we supply, and respecting which I have been able as yet to obtain very little information. Among the presents sent last year to the Supreme Government by the little state of Ladak in Chinese Tartary, some large sheets of gilt leather, stamped with the Russian eagle, were the most conspicuous. A traveller, who calls himself a Transylvanian, but who is shrewdly suspected of being a Russian spy, was, when I was in Kemaoon, arrested by the commandant of our fortress among the Himalaya mountains; and, after all our pains to exclude foreigners from the service of the native princes, two

chevaliers of the Legion of Honour were found, above twelve months ago, and are still employed in casting cannon and drilling soldiers for the Seik Raja, Runjeet Singh. This, you will say, is no more than we should be prepared to expect, but you probably would not suppose (what I believe is little, if at all, known in Russia itself) that there is an ancient and still frequented place of Hindoo pilgrimage not many miles from Moscow, or that the secretary of the Calcutta Bible Society received, ten months ago, an application (by whom translated I do not know, but in very tolerable English) from some priests on the shore of the Caspian Sea, requesting a grant of Armenian Bibles. After this you will be the less surprised to learn that the leading events of the late wars in Europe (particularly Buonaparte's victories) were often known, or at least rumoured, among the native merchants in Calcutta before Government received any accounts from England, or that the suicide of an English minister (with the mistake, indeed, of its being Lord Liverpool instead of the Marquis of Londonderry) had become a topic of conversation in the 'burrah bazar' (the native exchange) for a fortnight before the arrival of any intelligence by the usual channels.

With subjects thus inquisitive, and with opportunities of information, it is apparent how little sense there is in the doctrine that we must keep the natives of Hindostan in ignorance, if we would continue to govern them. The fact is, that they know enough already to do us a great deal of mischief if they should find it their interest to make the trial. They are in a fair way, by degrees, to acquire still more knowledge for themselves; and the

question is, whether it is not the part of wisdom as well as duty, to superintend and promote their education while it is yet in our power, and to supply them with such knowledge as will be at once most harmless to ourselves, and most useful to them.

Missionary Education in India

From a letter, dated March, 1825.—As an useful auxiliary to the missionaries, the establishment of elementary schools for the lower classes and for females is going on to a very great extent, and might be carried to any conceivable extent to which our pecuniary means would carry us. Nor is there any measure from which I anticipate more speedy benefit than the elevation of the rising generation of females to their natural rank in society, and giving them (which is all that, in any of our schools, we as yet venture to give) the lessons of general morality extracted from the Gospel, without any direct religious instruction. These schools, such of them at least as I have any concern with, are carried on without any help from Government. Government has, however, been very liberal in its grants, both to a Society for National Education, and in the institution and support of two colleges of Hindoo students of riper age, the one at Benares, the other at Calcutta. But I do not think any of these institutions, in the way after which they are at present conducted, likely to do much good. In the elementary schools supported by the former, through a very causeless and ridiculous fear of giving offence to the natives, they have forbidden the use of the Scriptures or any extracts from them, though the moral lessons of the Gospel are read by all Hindoos who can get hold of them, without

scruple and with much attention; and though their exclusion is tantamount to excluding all moral instruction from their schools, the Hindoo sacred writings having nothing of the kind, and, if they had, being shut up from the majority of the people by the double fence of a dead language and an actual prohibition to read them, as too holy for common eyes or ears. The defects of the latter will appear, when I have told you that the actual state of Hindoo and Mussulman literature, *mutatis mutandis,* very nearly resembles what the literature of Europe was before the time of Galileo, Copernicus, and Bacon. The Mussulmans take their logic from Aristotle, filtered through many successive translations and commentaries; and their metaphysical system is professedly derived from Plato ('Filatoun'). The Hindoos have systems not very dissimilar from these, though, I am told, of greater length and more intricacy; but the studies in which they spend most of their time are the acquisition of the Sanskrit and the endless refinements of its grammar, prosody, and poetry. Both have the same Natural Philosophy, which is also that of Aristotle in Zoology and Botany, and Ptolemy in Astronomy, for which the Hindoos have forsaken their more ancient notions of the seven seas, the six earths, and the flat base of Padalon, supported on the back of a tortoise. By the science which they now possess, they are some of them able to foretell an eclipse or compose an almanac, and many of them derive some pecuniary advantage from pretensions to judicial astrology. In medicine and chemistry they are just sufficiently advanced to talk of substances being moist, dry, hot, etc., in the third or fourth degree; to dissuade from letting blood, or physicking on a Tuesday, or

under a particular aspect of the heavens; and to be eager in their pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of immortality.

The task of enlightening the studious youth of such a nation would seem to be a tolerably straightforward one. But though, for the college in Calcutta (not Bishop's College, remember, but the Sanscrit or Hindoo college), an expensive set of instruments has been sent out, and it seems intended that the natural sciences should be studied there, the managers of the present institution take care that their boys should have as little time as possible for such pursuits, by requiring from them all, without exception, a laborious study of Sanscrit and all the useless, and worse than useless, literature of their ancestors. A good deal of this has been charged (and in some little degree charged with justice) against the exclusive attention paid to Greek and Logic, till lately, in Oxford. But in Oxford we have never been guilty (since a better system was known in the world at large) of teaching the physics of Aristotle, however we may have paid an excessive attention to his metaphysics and dialectics.

In Benares, however, I found in the institution supported by Government, a professor lecturing on astronomy after the system of Ptolemy and Albunazar, while one of the most forward boys was at the pains of casting my horoscope, and the majority of the school were toiling at Sanscrit grammar. And yet the day before, in the same holy city, I had visited another college, founded lately by a wealthy Hindoo banker, and entrusted by him to the management of the Church Missionary Society, in

which, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Hindoostanee language, as well as Persian and Arabic, the senior boys could pass a good examination in English grammar, in Hume's History of England, Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, the use of the globes, and the principal facts and precepts of the Gospel, most of them writing beautifully in the Persian, and very tolerably in the English character, and excelling most boys I have met with in the accuracy and readiness of their arithmetic. The English officer who is now in charge of the Benares Vid(y)alaya is a clever and candid young man, and under him, I look forward to much improvement . . . . . Ram Mohun Roy, a learned native who has sometimes been called, though I fear without reason, a Christian, remonstrated against this system last year, in a paper which he sent me to be put into Lord Amherst's hands, and which, for its good English, good sense, and forcible arguments, is a real curiosity, as coming from an Asiatic. I have not since been in Calcutta, and know not whether any improvement has occurred in consequence. But from the unbounded attachment to Sanscrit literature displayed by some of those who chiefly manage those affairs, I have no great expectation of the kind. Of the value of the acquirements which so much is sacrificed to retain, I can only judge from translations, and they certainly do not seem to me worth picking out of the rubbish under which they were sinking. Some of the poetry of the Mahabarat, I am told, is good, and I think a good deal of the Ramayuna pretty. But no work has yet been produced which even pretends to be authentic history. No useful discoveries in science are, I believe, so much as expected, and I have no great sympathy with those students who

value a worthless tract, merely because it calls itself old, or a language which teaches nothing, for the sake of its copiousness and intricacy. If I were to run wild after Oriental learning, I should certainly follow that of the Mussulmans, whose histories seem really very much like those of Europe, and whose poetry, so far as I am yet able to judge, has hardly had justice done to it in the ultra-flowery translations which have appeared in the West. But, after all, I will own that my main quarrel with the institutions which I have noticed is their needless and systematic exclusion of the Gospels, since they not only do less good than they might have done but are actually, in my opinion, productive of serious harm, by awakening the dormant jealousy of the native against the schools which pursue a different system.

A Girls' School

December 12, 1823.—I attended, together with a large proportion of the European society of Calcutta, an examination of the Native Female Schools, instituted by Mrs. Wilson, and carried on by her, together with her husband and the other Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. The progress which the children as well as the grown pupils had made, was very creditable; and it may show how highly we ought to appreciate Mrs. Wilson's efforts, when I mention that when she began her work there was no known instance of an Indian female having been instructed in reading, writing, or sewing; and that all those who knew most of the country regarded her attempt to bring them together into schools as idle as any dream of enthusiasm could be. She is a sensible and amiable young woman, with patience and good temper

sufficient to conquer most obstacles, who has acquired an influence over these poor little girls and their parents, as well as over her grown pupils—which at first sight seems little less than magical. It was very pretty to see the little swarthy children come forward to repeat their lessons, and show their work to Lady Amherst, blushing even through their dark complexions, with their muslin veils thrown carelessly round their slim, half-naked figures, their black hair plaited, their foreheads speckled with white or red paint, and their heads, necks, wrists, and ancles loaded with all the little finery they could beg or borrow for the occasion. Their parents make no objection to their learning the catechism, or being taught to read the Bible, provided nothing is done which can make them lose caste. And many of the Brahmins themselves, either finding the current of popular opinion too strongly in favour of the measures pursued for them to struggle with, or really influenced by the beauty of the lessons taught in Scripture and the advantage of giving useful knowledge and something like a moral sense to the lower ranks of their countrymen and countrywomen, appear to approve of Mrs. Wilson's plan, and attend the examination of her scholars. There is not even a semblance of opposition to the efforts which we are now making to enlighten the Hindoos; this I had some days ago an excellent opportunity of observing, in going round the schools supported by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, with Mr. Hawtayne, and seeing with how much apparent cordiality he was received, not only by the children themselves and the schoolmasters, though all Hindoos and Mussulmans, but by the parents and the neighbouring householders of whatever religion.